R. B. Smith

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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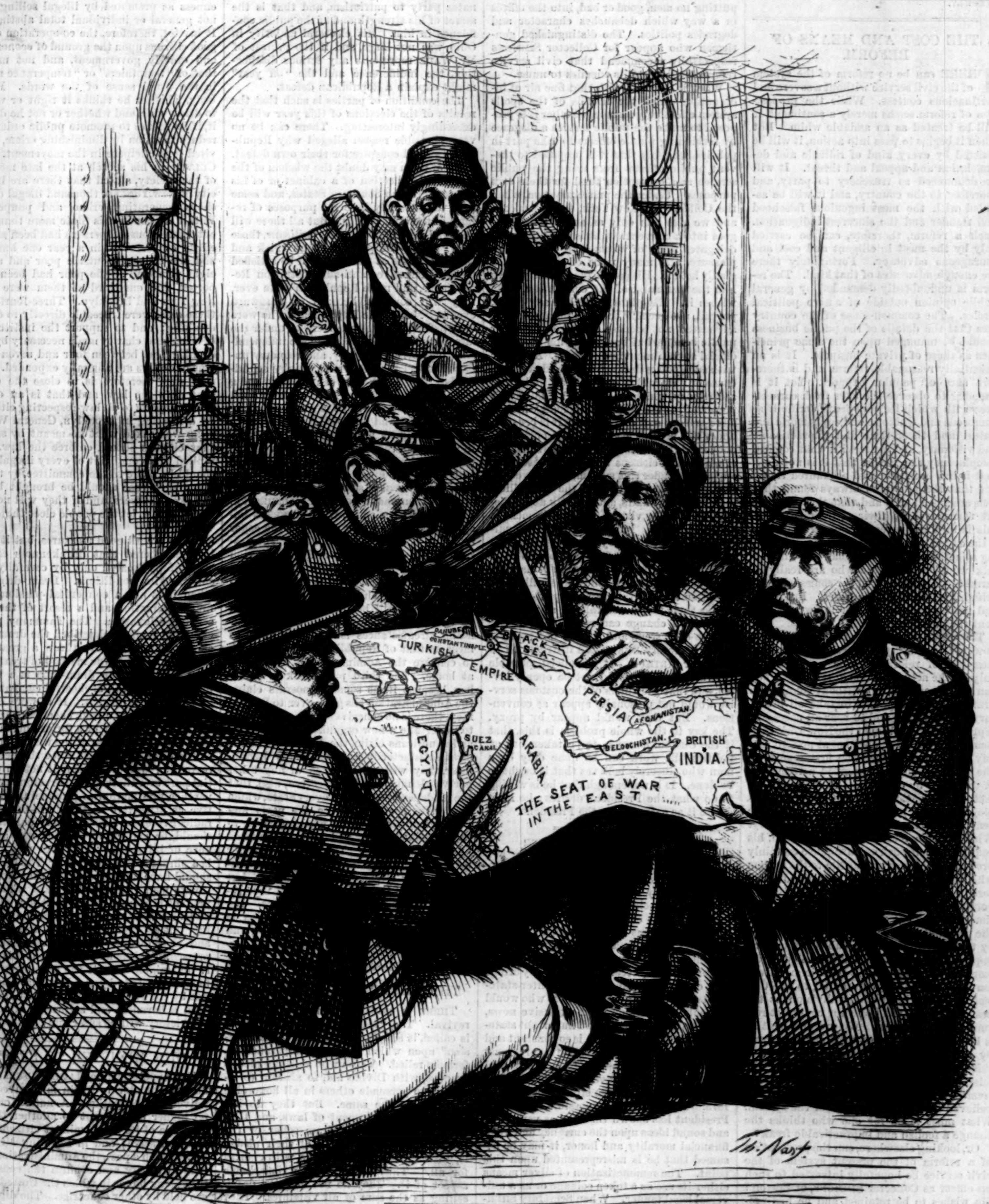
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ARABIA
THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST
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PEACE RUMORS.

LET US HAVE (A) PEACE (PIECE).

[*The Turk wishes he was a Christian.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 30, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine portrait of the Grand Duke Michael, and several other pictures relating to the Eastern War.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE COST AND MEANS OF REFORM.

There can be no reform of the system of the civil service without a severe and pertinacious contest. While the proposition of reform seems merely a sentiment, it will be treated as an amiable whim. But when it begins to pass into action, it will be resisted by every kind of ridicule and denunciation and appeal and threat. It will be denounced as treachery to party, and therefore to the country, and it will be assailed with the most ingenious falsehood and slander and the sincerest indignation. Such a reform, therefore, can be carried only by the most intelligent and cool and courageous advocacy. Fortunately there are enough advocates of that kind. The reform is undoubtedly demanded by general public opinion outside of active political circles. The common-sense of the country sees that the details of the public business should be managed upon the same principles as those of private business. It is an essentially reasonable reform, and is therefore sure of popular support. Yet it is amusing to observe the ever fresh earnestness with which its opponents deride it as cumbrous and Quixotic and sophomoric and finical and theoretical and impracticable and visionary, and to see with what comical complacency they assert that it is not new, that it has been proposed a hundred times, but that the proposers always found that men are not angels, and that they can not lift themselves by their own braces. All this is said and repeated and reiterated as if the sayers really supposed they were saying something, or fancied that this kind of talk would affect those who are really in earnest. The summer never comes without bringing gnats and mosquitoes. But gnats and mosquitoes were never known to prevent the harvest.

The union and vigor of the opposition, however, naturally suggest that actual measures of reform can be accomplished only by the actual friends of reform. They can not be carried out without courageous firmness and willingness to take all necessary responsibility and to bear all necessary reproach. The action at the New York Custom-house, however, does not at present satisfy these conditions. The first report of the Commission recommended a reduction of the force by one-fifth. That was, in effect, an allegation that the Collector employed, at the public expense, twenty per cent. more clerks than were necessary. Whatever his reasons may have been, his acquiescence in such extravagance certainly proves that he was not hostile to the system which fostered it. He is undoubtedly sincere in his adhesion to it, and he is of course bound and entangled on every side in relations growing out of it. He can not escape the personal responsibility of the reduction by the appointment of a sub-committee of inquiry. For if the committee should recommend the removal of a clerk in any division who should be represented to the Collector by the head of the division as the best clerk in it, the Collector could not recommend the removal. We presume that he is besought in the most urgent manner and by every kind of pathetic appeal to save this and that and the other clerk from dismissal and starvation. This would be a tremendous ordeal for a man who heartily believed in a radical change of the system. What must it be for one who thinks the change a foolish and impracticable freak?

Or, looking elsewhere, can the prosecution of a reform of the present system of the civil service be hopefully intrusted to such an officer as Collector Simmons, of Boston? He wishes to be retained, and he has procured the most flattering commendations from Governor Rice, the President of the Massachusetts Senate, the Speaker of the House, the Mayor and Aldermen, ex-Governors, "citizens, and strangers." They all say that he is a good Collector, prompt, efficient, and economical. But what is the declared purpose of the President, and what is the essence and substance of the proposed reform? It is to take the Custom-house out of politics. To that end, the office requires not only an honest and efficient Collector, but one who believes that custom-houses should not be political machines. Mr. Simmons is an honest and efficient Collector, who was appointed under the system of keeping the Custom-house in politics, who undoubtedly believes heartily in doing it, and who has unquestionably done it most effectually. The Governor, and the President of the Senate and the Speaker, and the Mayor and Aldermen, and the ex-Governors, citizens, and strangers, are all absolutely silent upon the most essential point. They suppose, perhaps, that civil service reform consists in "putting good men into the offices and keeping them there." But civil service reform consists in putting no men, good or bad, into the offices in a way which debauches character and degrades politics. The distinguished gentlemen who appear for Collector Simmons respectfully recommend that civil service reform be given to its enemies to nurse.

When it is asked, with that fine air of indignation which the friends of the spoils system effectively assume, whether it is proposed to make the public service a disgrace by forbidding public officers to take part in politics, we reply that it is proposed to prevent public officers from using the public service as a corruption fund for their own purposes. Under the present system, when the Collector of New York, for instance—and we cite him only as an illustration—goes into a convention, he is surrounded by delegates many of whom hold office at his pleasure, and many more of whom would gladly hold it. His patronage virtually gives him the command of the convention, if he wishes it. His plans, if he has any plans, prevail, not because they are more cogently advocated, not because they are of greater public benefit, but because of his power of official appointment and removal. An officer with such power does not command votes because of natural leadership and intellectual ascendency, which are always fair, but by his power of reward and punishment, which is mere bribery and corruption. It is because, under the present system, public officers do not come into conventions upon the same level with other citizens that their presence is opposed. Under this system, they have personal, interested motives of the most illicit kind in public affairs, and the talk about disgracing them by virtual disfranchisement is mere impudence. Place them upon an equality with other citizens by depriving the chiefs of patronage, and the followers of the hope or fear of removal or appointment as a reward or a punishment, and there will be no objection to their taking such part in politics as their tastes and talents may choose. But such a change can result only from a change of system, and that is not possible under Secretary Sherman's instructions to Collector Arthur. It is, indeed, possible that assessments would not be openly levied, and that the chiefs of the customs service would not personally appear at conventions. But they would appear by proxy. The key to the whole problem is this, that if the Custom-house is to be taken out of politics, the work can be done only by a man who sincerely believes that it ought to be done. It is not enough that he is willing to do what the President desires; he must desire it as earnestly as the President.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

There will naturally be very great interest in the Ohio election of this year, which, it is evidently supposed, will turn mainly upon the financial question, if not upon the remonetization of silver. In this view the reported opinions of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury are important and significant. But such reports must always be very carefully received. Every day brings us a cloud of statements and counter-statements. The rivalry among those who would not only furnish news, but exclusive news, and who would discredit all important statements furnished by others, is so constant and sharp that all such unauthentic reports must be accepted "with reserve." It is now said that the President favors a restoration of the situation before the silver repeal act of 1873. But as that is impossible, and as the President has shown that he has very clear and sound ideas upon the currency and upon financial morality and honor, it may be assumed that he is misrepresented upon this point. The remonetization of silver means either its use as a token coinage or as a universal legal tender. When Secretary Sherman says that the silver dollar ought to be made a legal tender precisely as the paper dollar now is, he merely says that a depreciated currency in coin should replace a depreciated currency in paper. He adds, what practically settles the question, that when we come to buy in the markets of the world, as we are now buying and hope to buy more largely, we shall have to buy and sell at the gold standard; under present circumstances, therefore, the standard must remain what it is.

So far as the President is concerned, we may be very sure that he has no wish to buy Republican success in Ohio or elsewhere by any concession of the Republican principle of a perfect observance of the national faith. The question for honorable statesmanship is what was the understanding of the agreement, not what is it possible under color of law to do, and that is, therefore, the question which the President will consider in any suggestion he may officially make. Those who suppose that he will probably trim this way or that way, seem to us to have observed his character and watched his course to very little purpose. He is a sincere Republican, but he subordinates party to patriotism, and that is the secret of his strength and of the public confidence in him. His electoral majority in Ohio was not large, and if the protest of Mr. Wade represents any serious disaffection, the indifference and the "off year" might explain a Republican defeat.

The condition of parties is such that the results of the elections of this year will be exceedingly interesting. There can be no very plausible reason alleged why Republicans should conspire for their own defeat. Some of them may doubt the wisdom of the President's selection of a cabinet or of his measures in the Southern States, and some may very heartily hate his purposes of reform in the civil service. But all these will be found among the strictest partisans, those who "go for the party through thick and thin," and who at the most will be satisfied to call themselves anti-administration Republicans, and more Republican than ever, they will contend, because of untoward events. Meanwhile Republicans who were dissatisfied with many tendencies under the late Administration, and who see independence, patriotism, integrity, and economy under this, feel that this is especially an Administration which they can support, and a Republicanism of which they are proud. They, therefore, will be zealous to show their support and approval. On the other hand, intelligent and moderate Democrats in all parts of the country cordially approve the general conduct of the Administration, and look with great amusement upon the fervid party zeal of so raw a Democratic recruit as Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer. They say, with a smile, what Emerson imagines Nature serenely saying to the eager reformer, "So hot, my little Sir?" The passage of the electoral law and the adhesion to it showed a sound heart of patriotism in both parties, and upon that the Administration rests. The number of Democrats in Ohio who will be indisposed to sustain an extreme Democratic position under existing circumstances is doubtless quite as large as that of Republicans who will wish to censure the Administration by staying at home. The third party talk is pointless, because if, as some Democrats claim, the Administration has gone over to Democracy, there is no conceivable reason for them to undertake a new organization; while if, as Republicans claim, the Administration is most satisfactorily and essentially Republican, they will see no need of any other party. It must not be forgotten, also, that the "independent" vote in every State, which now gives the majority to one party and now to another, is almost wholly friendly to the Administration, and may be counted upon as a sure ally. The only real danger for the Administration lies in doubt or hesitation. Its strength is not partisan, but patriotic, and it is in deadly peril if it attempts to propitiate men or cliques. Republican success in the Ohio election is not necessary to it, but an unwavering and quiet adhesion to its own principles is indispensable.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

There is evidently a new temperance revival. The "Murphy movement," as it is called, is simply the original "moral suasion" upon which the first temperance reformers relied. Those who sign the pledge promise, with Divine aid, to abstain totally, and to persuade others in all honorable ways to do the same. But they do not resort to the enactment of laws, and they do not denounce the dram-seller or the dram-drinker. The motto of their pledge is, "With malice toward none, with charity for all." This, indeed, is the remarkable aspect of it. They do not describe dram-selling as the sum of all villainies. They concede that many dram-sellers may be generous men and have many excellent qualities, and that they ought not to be denounced as fiends. They hold and preach that drunkenness is a curse, and the prolific cause of crime and unspeakable unhappiness, and that no man can seriously defend it. There may, however, they think, be a question about the expediency and efficiency of restraining drinking by law. They will, therefore, not provoke opposition by taking a doubtful ground, but will stand impregnably upon the principle that drunkenness is an unmitigated misfortune to the drunkard and to the community, and that all who think so should solemnly pledge themselves to each other to stop it, not by punishing the seller, but by persuading the drinker.

There is, also, the movement of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which aims, under the existing excise laws, to close unlicensed dram-shops. This movement looks not to moral but to legal relief, and it regards drunkenness as the great incentive of crime, and the chief source of high taxes to repress and punish crime and to provide for pauperism. Its objective point is drunkenness as promoted by illegal selling, and not general or individual total abstinence. It invites, therefore, the co-operation of all good citizens upon the ground of economical and orderly government, and not merely that of "teetotalers" or "temperance men," in the usual sense of the words. Every body, whether he thinks it right or wrong to drink wine, and whether or not he drinks it, if he wishes to promote public order and reduce taxation by diminishing crime, is invited to participate in the movement. Mr. Culver, in his speech at the late meeting of the society, stated that there are in the city of New York six thousand illegal dram-shops generating crime and pauperism. Within a year in this State more than seventy-four thousand persons had been arrested for crime. Within a year one hundred and one thousand outside poor and sixty-eight thousand inside poor had been supported, and one-third of them were from New York and Brooklyn. Three-fourths of these cases were traceable directly to dram-drinking; and to support the institutions of crime and charity made necessary by this drunkenness, between four and seven millions of dollars are annually expended. The first step, therefore, is to close the shops that defy the law, and that is an object which appeals to all law-respecting citizens. At a meeting in Brooklyn, General Woodford was asked what he meant by saying that citizens should enforce the law. He replied that complaint of every illegal shop should be made to the committee by them: every such case should be brought before the excise officers, and if they will not enforce the law, let the people elect those who will.

These are all good measures, but it must be remembered that drunkenness can be successfully treated only by carefully considering its conditions. Dram-drinking, when it is not a congenital passion, is at first a recreation, and a resort of the poor seeking relaxation. The Tammany politician who tenderly described the dram-shop as the poor man's club, threw a great deal of light upon the true method of treatment. To a poor man the dram-shop is a warm, pleasant place, full of cheerful company and gossip and excitement. If it were closed, the alternative is a cold, cheerless chamber, or the street corner, or a forlorn home—forlorn, perhaps, because of the waste of money at the dram-shop. But since the desire of recreation is imperative, is it not an essential part of a thorough and reasonable temperance reformation to provide an alternative as attractive as the dram-shop? All radical reforms affecting personal freedom should be careful to prevent any appearance of injustice. "The poor man's club" is a phrase to be considered. The poor man should have no reason to feel that more fortunate men drink at their ease, while they prevent him from drinking at his. It may be true that they do not object to his drinking, but to his drunkenness and disorder, and that disorder must be summarily repressed. This is undeniable, but it is equally undeniable that if the dram-shop is attacked not only by the law that closes it, but by the sympathy and sagacity that will open a harmless and attractive rival to it, the victory will be surer and easier.

OUR MINISTER TO SPAIN.

The appointment of James Russell Lowell as minister to Spain is received with universal satisfaction. A nation can pay no higher compliment to another than to send one of its most eminent citizens as its representative; and in selecting Mr. Lowell for such a post, the Administration takes care to justify and confirm the constantly increasing honor in which the United States are held by other countries. The diplomatic service is considered peculiarly fitting for scholars and men of letters, perhaps upon Bacon's principle that the more languages a man hath, the more man is he, and therefore more master of himself and of his duties in foreign lands. Certainly, in our own history, the most distinguished names in the foreign service are those of men scholarly trained. In the earlier day there are no names in that service more eminent than those of John and John Quincy Adams, John Jay, and Thomas Jefferson, who, although in public political life, were also men of scholarly tastes and pursuits. In more recent times, Edward Everett and Washington Irving, Bancroft and Motley, are conspicuous in the same way.

The theory that such men are unpractical, and therefore not suited for such positions, because they have not been active "politicians," is delightful. According to this theory, Mr. Lowell is presumably incompetent to represent his country at the Spanish court and to conduct diplomatic negotiations, because he has not the training and qualifications of General Cæsar Augustus Dodge, who was, we believe, one of his predecessors under a Democratic administration. The truth is, however, that men conversant with the history of nations and familiar with great political principles, men who have convictions and a patriotism too deep and sincere to flatter the follies, and who are bold enough to condemn the faults, of their own country, are its most valuable citizens and its most serviceable representatives abroad. Mr. Lowell, although one of the most noted of American authors and scholars, is not a recluse from a library. His interest in public affairs has been most positive and his influence most elevating. There is not in the pure political literature of any nation a work of greater genius or of more immediate practical influence upon opinion than the *Biglow Papers*. It is not only, upon the whole, the most original and unique production of American literature, but it was a positive political force; and although its immediate occasion has passed, its rhymed wit and wisdom and felicity still serve the purpose of ever new interests and issues. Mr. Lowell has been in the habit, also, of taking a citizen's practical part in politics, and it will not be forgotten that the mission to Russia was offered to him by President Grant.

Politically a Republican, he has, however, always maintained that independence of mere party dictation which is the chief hope of the country. The general policy of the Administration is undoubtedly most agreeable to his views, and its wise and generous spirit could have no worthier representative in Europe. But beyond that, beyond the special duties of an official position, he will represent the highest American character and principle. The true ambassador is the man, in foreign lands, in whom the best of his own country is seen. When we send ministers abroad, let us send those in whom the America of which we are proud is plainly visible. Such an ambassador is the new minister to Spain.

THE WAR.

An English political observer of remarkable acuteness says that England is divided upon the Russian and Turkish war very much as it was by our civil contest, except that a part of the Church element sides with Russia, because of some fancied sympathy with the Greek Church, and the Positivists side with the Mohammedan, "from hatred of Christianity." He remarks, shrewdly, that the cause of humanity has sometimes to put up with questionable quarters, and that they are now undoubtedly to be found in the Russian camp. He adds, with absolute security, that England will not fight even if the Czar goes to Constantinople, that she will fight only for the Suez Canal, and that Russia has no idea of touching that. Indeed, two things have become more evident as hostilities have progressed—the indisposition of England to interfere, and the weakness of Turkey. Such rumors as escape from Constantinople reveal an internal situation very near insurrection, which would be anarchy and an end of money resources. Meanwhile the advance of Russia has been steady at all points, and the final defeat of Turkey is so generally conceded that it inevitably affects the public opinion of Europe.

Lord Salisbury has made a very significant speech in London, which his colleague, the Foreign Secretary, Lord Derby, cordially echoed. Lord Salisbury, forgetting that Mr. Webster said that the American Revolution was fought upon a preamble, said that it was generally acknowledged to be madness to go to war for an idea, but that it was yet more unsatisfactory to go to war against a nightmare. He added that while it was generally supposed the war had been concocted against English interests, yet he believed it might be regarded in another light. Lord Derby said he could only say Amen, and that the greatest of all English interests is the interest of peace. This is very gentle, and as different as possible from the bumptious harangue of Prime Minister Disraeli at Guildhall. It is all due, undoubtedly, to the clear ministerial perception that Mr. Gladstone speaks for a very deep and powerful national feeling, very much more English and characteristic than that regard for "British interests" upon which the Tories have exclusively counted. The history of no nation has illustrated more signally than the English the force of great sentiments in swaying popular action. Gladstone is instinctively English. Disraeli is not; and at a moment like this his cold and consummate skill can not avail against the fiery sincerity of conviction.

It would seem to be hardly doubtful that one of the results of the war must be the emancipation of Bulgaria from Turkish control. This would not be resisted by England, and her acquiescence may fairly be attributed to the sudden light of intelligence which Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet threw upon the English mind. The independence of Roumania, already declared, and not questioned, would doubtless also be maintained. This would be a serious reduction of the Turkish authority, and would by just so much advance the interests of Russia. Those of civilization would certainly be promoted by the substitution of Russian for Turkish ascendency in Southeastern Europe.

THE GEORGIA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The question of holding a Convention in Georgia to frame a new Constitution was largely political. The Republicans opposed the call, and the Democrats generally favored it. To other States the chief interest of the question lay in the reasons urged for the Convention by the Democratic leaders, because they are indicative of political feeling, and the reported reasons of Senator Hill should not be dismissed without a word. They were substantially that the present Constitution was adopted, as it were, at the point of the bayonet in the early days of reconstruction, and when a large number of citizens were disfranchised; also that it brands the ex-Confederates as rebels, and declares that the paramount allegiance of the citizens is due to the United States, and not to the State. It is not surprising that there should be objection in any State to a fundamental law which stigmatizes the larger part of the intelligent population as rebels; and there may be a fair suspicion whether an instrument of the kind which uses such phraseology was framed in a just and proper spirit. There is something disagreeable and offensive in raising such a question, and no Georgian should be blamed for not wishing to be "called names" in the State Constitution.

But if the objection to the word or the implication be that the paramount allegiance of a Georgian is due to the State, and therefore that the refusal of such allegiance to the United States is not rebellion—in other words, if the Democrats of Georgia mean to assert, directly or indirectly, that under any circumstances their State can absolve them from duty to the United States, or that any law or ordinance of Georgia can in any degree weaken a constitutional law of the United States, or that the United States can not constitutionally pass a law which militates with that of Georgia—then they simply re-assert the doctrine which was annulled by war, and which, if they should undertake to enforce in the old way, would again be annulled, unless the national instinct has died out of the American heart. If the Democratic party propose to raise anew the questions of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, and to hold that there is any kind of right or authority in a State to attempt secession, except the power of revolution—for that is the substance and purpose of this claim of "paramount allegiance"—it proposes to renew a debate in which from the first it will be indignantly defeated. The mere suggestion as it has been made in Georgia is an immense political advantage to the Republicans, but it is an equally immense blow to the welfare of Georgia and of all the Southern States.

What they need more than any thing else is tranquillity, which can alone bring to them labor, enterprise, and capital. The angry chewing of political husks and chips neither feeds nor clothes them. The Democratic party in the Northern States will gladly follow any course that the Southern leaders may propose. But nothing could be more barren and dismal than this diet of abstractions, which yet shows a disposition that the country can not but regard as dangerous. It is surely an unfortunate moment for Mr. Hill and other intelligent Southern leaders to repel the cordial sympathy of intelligent Republicans in the North by the disclosure of a morbid clinging to dogmas which the course of things has discredited, and the assertion of which can by no chance be of the least benefit to any body, and must be of serious injury to the hopes and efforts of Southern industry and public spirit. We shall trust that the Convention of Georgia, should it meet, may be more wisely inspired than to incorporate in the fundamental law a doctrine permanently and radically at variance with national harmony.

"HARPER" FOR JULY.

The July number of *Harper's Monthly* is very full and rich, and especially timely and suitable for "summer reading." The profuse illustrations are very careful and exquisite, and those in the article upon "Hunting with the Long-Bow" form with the text a delightful paper. "The Mohawk Valley during the Revolution" is an exciting story, and "A Beautiful Charity" describes a happy thought humanely realized. The paper upon Westminster Abbey, rich in cuts, is both very interesting and instructive, and there is a seasonable sketch of our civil service. We do not, however, mean to recapitulate the contents, but to refer the reader to a very attractive issue of the *Magazine*.

PERSONAL.

In *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, published by Harper & Brothers, it is mentioned that 26,500 copies of his history had been sold in ten weeks. Longman, his publisher, one day came to him and said they were overflowing with money, and proposed to pay him £20,000 in the following week. The check is still preserved as a curiosity among the archives of Messrs. Longman's firm. "I went into the City," says Macaulay, "to give instructions, and was most warmly congratulated on being a great moneyed man. I said that I had some thoughts of going to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a bidder for the next loan." This payment, large as it is, has been exceeded in this country. Harper & Brothers have paid as copyright to Mr. Marcius Willson, the author of their series of school readers, about $200,000; to the late Professor Charles Anthon, about $100,000; to Mr. Motley, about $60,000; to Jacob Abbott, about $50,000; to the late Albert Barnes, $75,000; and to English authors over $300,000. These are among the largest, and are quite sufficient as a hint and incentive to young persons about to enter upon literature as a profession. That mine is as inexhaustible as ever; or, as one might say, there yet remain in the vasty deep oviparous animals as copious in size and as toothsome in quality as any that have hitherto been adroitly captured by the expert angler.

—Nobility and ignobility go sometimes hand in hand in England as elsewhere. A London journal, just received, gives a curious instance of the ways of fortune: A noble but not particularly sharp-witted youth appears one day in a police court in connection with a horse transaction of a somewhat "shady" character. Like Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he has parted with his father's horse, not, indeed, for a gross of green spectacles, but for an almost worthless acceptance. The next day, by a sad and sudden calamity, the weak-minded young gentleman finds himself premier earl of the English and Irish peerage [Shrewsbury], Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, and no longer under the necessity of selling his father's horses in order to raise money. In point of fact, his income is now about $350,000 a year, which ought to do for one seventeen years old.

—After an active and honorable service of forty-one years, Mr. Erastus Brooks has retired from the management of the New York *Evening Express*. During that period he has enjoyed in an exceptional degree the esteem of his fellow-citizens and of his brethren of the press. As a vigorous and effective writer, and as a ready and forcible speaker, he has long occupied a prominent position, and he will carry into retirement the kindest remembrances of those with whom he has been thrown into association. In addition to his editorial labors, Mr. Brooks was for two years a member of the State Senate, and a member of the last Constitutional Convention. He is also an active and most useful trustee in the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and in Cornell University. In the journalism of this country few men have exercised its responsibilities with greater conscientiousness than Mr. Brooks, or with a larger measure of success.

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff's exceedingly interesting work, *The Communistic Societies of the United States*, published originally in *Harper's Magazine*, has been translated into Russian, and will soon be published in St. Petersburg.

—In Colonel Wickham Hoffman's right pleasant *Camp, Court, and Siege*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, occurs the following personal about General Butler, on whose staff Colonel Hoffman was then serving in New Orleans: "The silver-spoon story is simply absurd. Butler confiscated and used certain table silver. When Banks relieved him, he turned it over to him. When a howl was made about it toward the close of the war, and the government referred the papers to Butler for a report, he simply forwarded a copy of the quartermaster's receipt."

—A London paper quotes, with approving smile, the conclusion at which an "intelligent foreigner" from the United States arrived respecting the Wagner music, at the end of the first concert: "Seems to me he's always trying to get somewhere where he don't get."

—Professor William D. Wilson, of Cornell University, has recently been elected an honorary member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Only five Americans have ever been elected members of this society.

—Mr. Tyerman's *Life of Whitefield*, recently published, lacks the interest that attaches to his *Life of Wesley*. Wesley was illustrious in many ways. His marvelous success as a religious leader impresses one with a sense of statesmanlike power. No interest of this kind attaches to the memory of Whitefield. He left no followers, he founded no sect, his hand is not visible in any existing organization. The seed he sowed was purely spiritual, and his title to be remembered in our day is as a preacher of genuine eloquence and untiring zeal. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached upward of eighteen thousand sermons. He cared nothing for literature, for science, for social intercourse; the arts which sweeten and embellish life he despised or neglected, and his correspondence, like his printed sermons, is singularly barren of interest. Yet, in a certain way, he was marvelous. Garrick said he would give a hundred guineas if he could pronounce "Oh!" as Whitefield did.

—The late Mr. George Moore, who made for himself a good name and fame for the magnitude of his benefactions and the unostentatious manner in which they were conferred, is to be honored with a bust, to be placed in front of a new infirmary connected with the Commercial Travellers' Schools at Pinner. But the peculiarity of it is that the bust is to be made of porcelain, the development of which art is greatly attributable to Mr. Gladstone, who has drawn public attention to the value of porcelain for statuary purposes, and the skill of the English potters in working it.

—A Sir Welby Gregory has recently come into a baronetcy, as well as into some large estates in Lincolnshire to keep it up; but, alas! he has found by the will of his somewhat distantly related predecessor he can only hold these last very good things on an extremely awkward condition. His ancestor has bequeathed him some immense heir-looms—gigantic pieces of wainscot tapestry, enough to wall in an orchard; huge sarcophagi and obelisks; straddling four-posters of Queen Anne's reign, big enough to have bedded together the whole of that sovereign's unfortunate eighteen children; and all this lumber he is enjoined to treasure most tenderly, otherwise the estates are to be forfeited to another! The family house down in Lincolnshire is incapable of habitation on account of packing-cases of ichthyosaurian dimensions, containing the remarkable collection, blocking up every room and passage in the place. And now Sir Welby—houseless and in despair—has at last applied for a private act of Parliament to enable him to get rid of the rubbish.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Secretary Sherman has called in for redemption $15,000,000 more of the five-twenty bonds.

An election was held in Georgia, June 12, to determine the question of holding a State Constitutional Convention. It resulted in favor of the Convention by about 10,000 majority. Among other amendments to be made to the present Constitution is one striking out the word "rebellion" wherever it occurs.

Four persons were killed and eighteen injured by a railroad collision near Harper's Ferry, June 12.

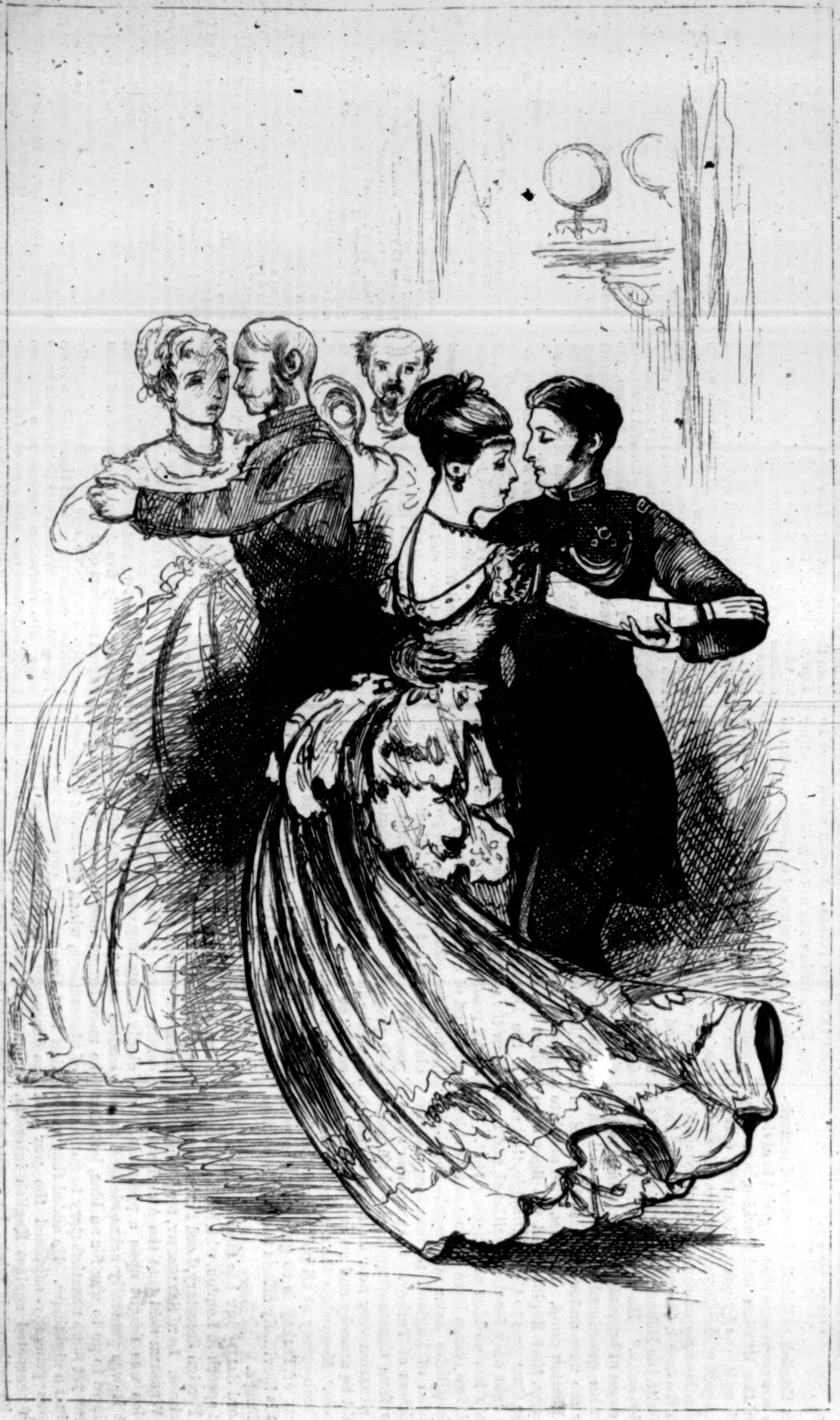
Attorney-General Fairchild, June 12, returned William M. Tweed's statement of testimony he could furnish against Ring accomplices, and declined to release him from prison.

Two bridges in Massachusetts were blown down by a hurricane, June 14. One was the covered bridge over the Connecticut River between Northampton and Hadley. Fifteen persons who had taken shelter there and a number of teams went down in the ruins. One lady and one gentleman were killed, and several persons were injured. The other bridge demolished was the uncompleted one belonging to the Massachusetts Central Railroad.

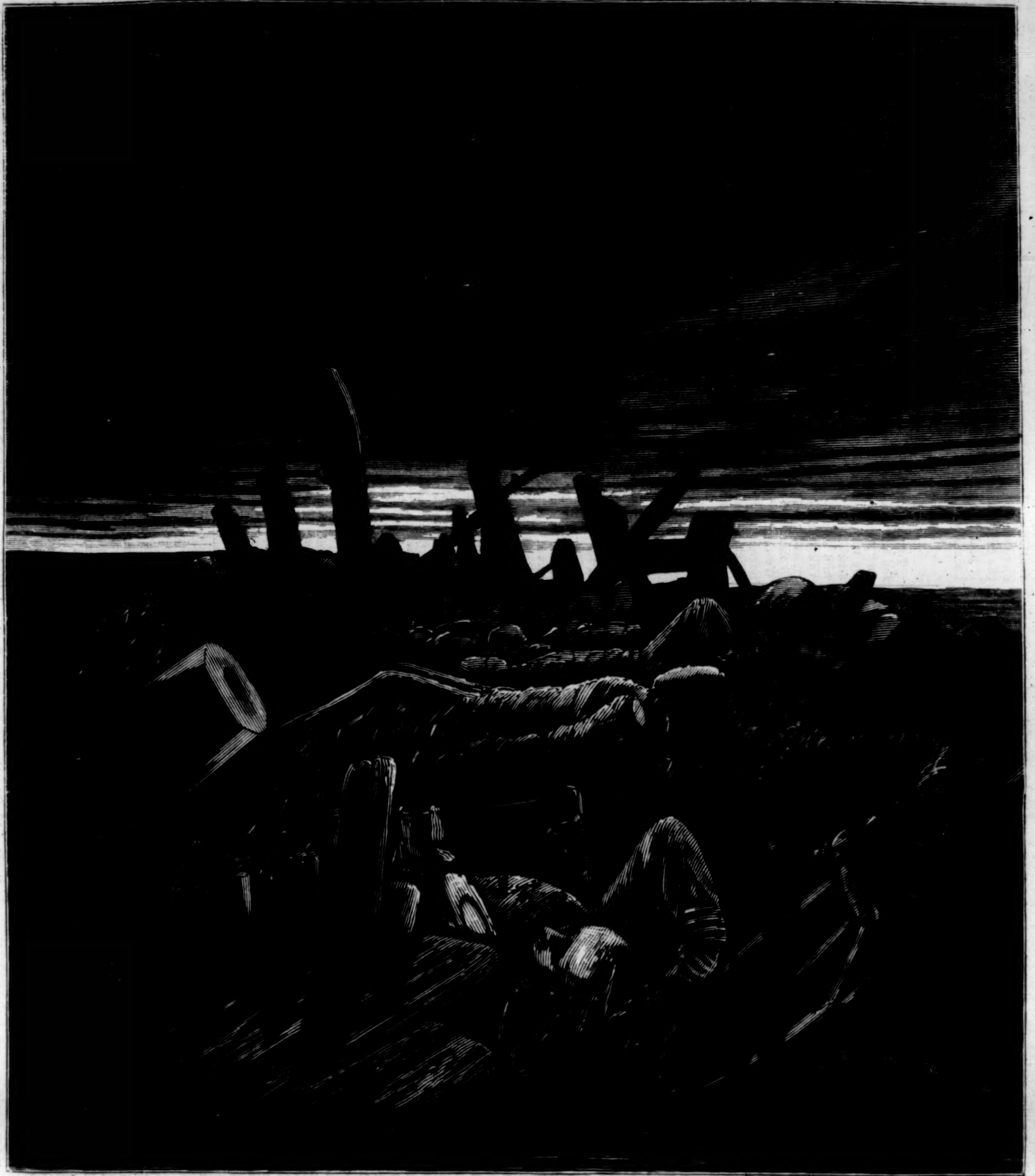
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: A state of siege having been proclaimed in Roumania, telegrams concerning military movements henceforth will be stopped. All railway officials are now brought under subjection to the military authorities.—A telegram from Constantinople says that arrests of Softas, civilians, and military students take place daily. No boats are allowed to traverse the Bosporus or Golden Horn after dark.—Admiral Mustapha states that five Russian torpedo boats were destroyed in the attack made on the Turkish iron-clads at the Sulina mouth of the Danube.—It was reported, June 12, that a fierce battle at close quarters had taken place between the Turks and Montenegrins at Krstaz, lasting fifty-five hours. Both sides lost several thousands. The Turkish loss is estimated at 4000.—The London *Standard's* Vienna correspondent telegraphs that 10,000 Servians are concentrated at Belgrade, and 5000 at Kragujevatz.—The general tenor of the news from Armenia is unfavorable to the Russians, who are represented as more concerned than heretofore for the capture of Kars. An Erzerum telegram to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* says: "On the approach of the three flying columns sent by Mukhtar Pasha against the Russian right wing, the Russians not only evacuated Olti, but Pennek, at the foot of the pass over the Kanly range leading to Ardaban. Both Olti and Pennek were re-occupied by the Turks, who also went in pursuit of the Russians."—Circassians in the Russian service, numbering six cavalry regiments, having refused to operate against their Mohammedan brethren, have been sent back from the main column toward Bayazid.—Mustapha Tewfic Pasha has been appointed commandant of Kars. Dervish Pasha has arrived at Constantinople from Salonica to take command of the Batum division of the Turkish army.—An imperial decree was promulgated at Ploiesti, June 7, empowering the Finance Minister to issue a foreign five per cent. loan of $75,000,000 in bonds of $100 each, payable to bearer, and redeemable by annual drawings at the rate of one per cent. of the nominal capital, for which a special fund will be provided.—The Turks report officially that Suleiman Pasha has forced the entrance of the Duga Pass after a sanguinary battle, and is advancing on Nicsics. The Montenegrins are in full retreat.—The Russians are massing their troops about Kars. For several days they attempted to storm Forts Tahmaz and Karadagh, but, according to Turkish accounts, they were each time repulsed. Fort Tahmaz was erected in 1855 to strengthen the defense of Fort Veli Pachi, which is the key to Kars.—The Russians have erected a battery on an island opposite Rustchuk. They have also organized fifteen field hospitals, with 20,000 beds, to be distributed over Roumania and the adjoining districts.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says he has received a letter from Ploiesti, emanating from one who is in a position to have exact information. The writer says: "I have just read Prince Gortchakoff's reply. It is conciliatory but firm as to Constantinople. Nobody, says Prince Gortchakoff, can predict the course or issue of the war; but neither the question of Constantinople nor that of the Dardanelles can be settled apart from Europe. The Emperor does not wish to take possession of Constantinople. The policy of Russia has been misunderstood. *Arrières pensées* [reservations] have been imputed to her that she has not entertained. By this menacing distrust her commerce and industry have been paralyzed. This state of things must cease. As events and the bad faith of the Turks forced the Emperor to draw the sword, he will not replace it until all the questions at issue have been settled, and the programme of Russia received full satisfaction."

President M'Mahon, in reply to the Legitimist deputation, is reported to have said: "The question of prolonging my office will not be considered during the prorogation of the Chambers, and I shall lend myself to no *coup de main* of any kind whatever, nor to any venture of imperial or monarchic restoration. It will perhaps be necessary to demand a dissolution of the Chambers. If you accord it to me, I shall use it as well as possible; if you refuse it, I shall withdraw."

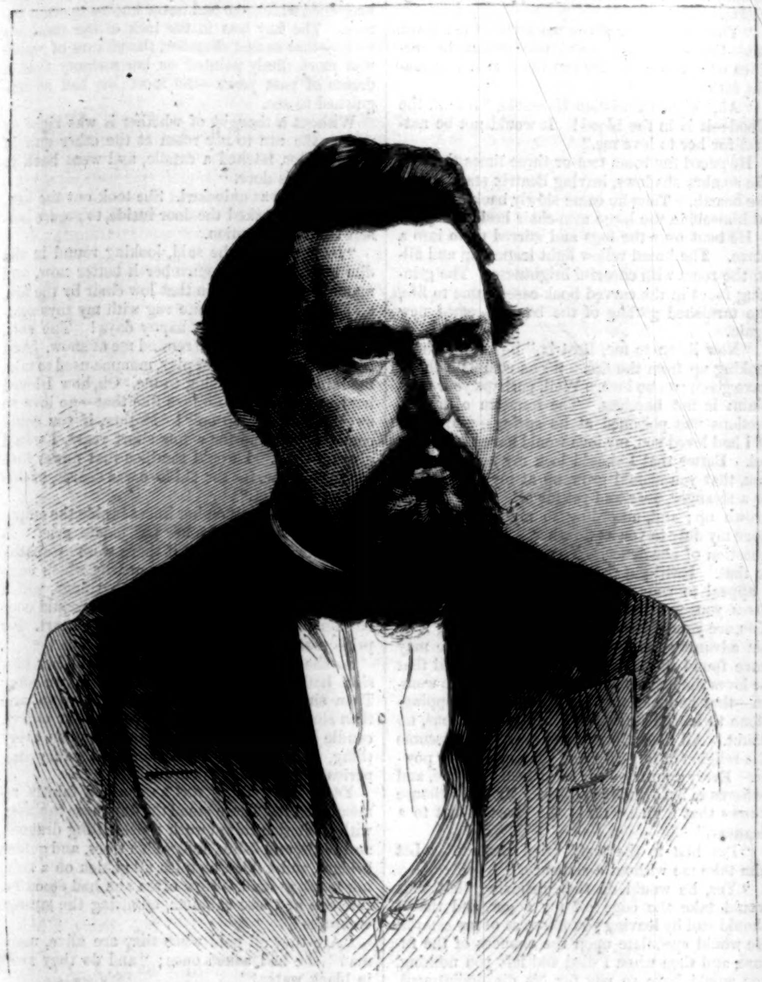


IN THE BALL-ROOM.

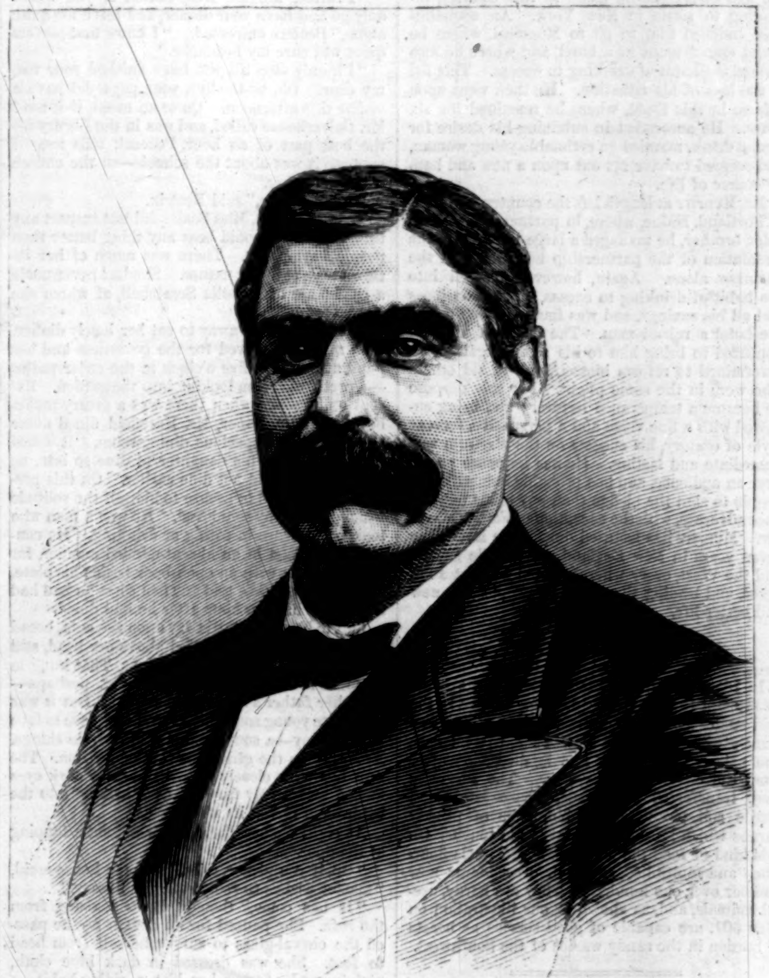


BY THE RIVER.

"THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE."—[Drawn by M. Woolf.]



MR. J. J. COUCH, GRAND MASTER OF MASONS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.



MR. FRANCIS MURPHY, TEMPERANCE LECTURER.—[Photographed by Dobbs.]

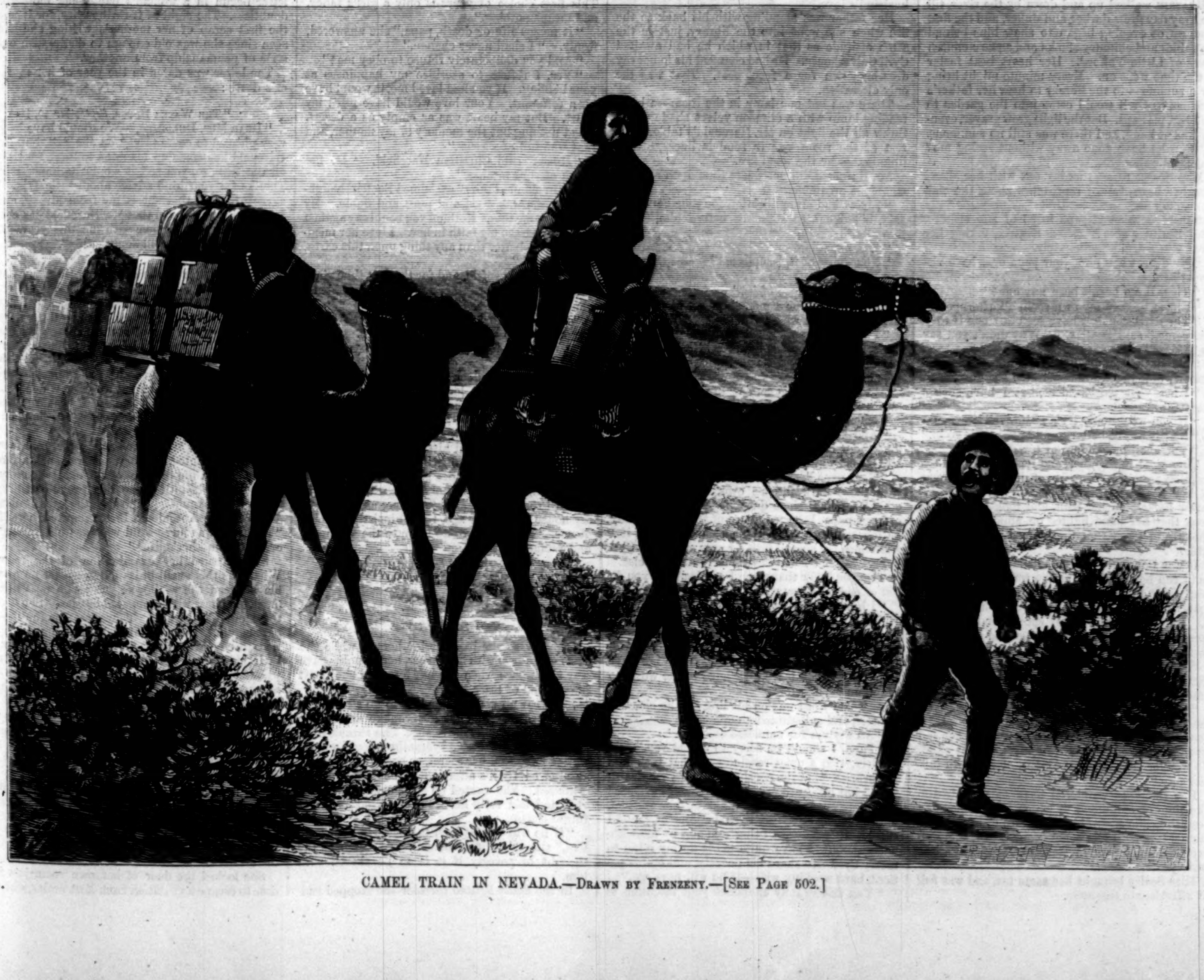
GRAND MASTER COUCH.

Mr. J. J. Couch, who has just been elected to the honorable and responsible position of Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 24, 1828. He has been for many years a resident of this State, and for the past fifteen years has held an important position in the New York Custom-house. His Masonic career extends over a period of nearly twenty years, during five of which he was Master of Joppa Lodge, No. 201, Brooklyn, Long Island, in which city he resides. For two years Mr. Couch held the office of Masonic Commissioner of Appeals. He was last year Deputy Grand Master, under the Grand Mastership of the Hon. James W. Husted, whom he now succeeds.

Mr. Couch was elected by the Grand Lodge by acclamation, no other candidate having been even thought of for the position. He is a man of great ability and strength of character, and possesses the confidence and esteem of the entire fraternity. His acquaintance with Masonic law and literature is probably more extensive and profound than that of any other Mason in the country.

MR. FRANCIS MURPHY.

This well-known lecturer in the cause of temperance was born in the County Wexford, Ireland, April 24, 1836. His parents belonged to the peasant class, and were in moderate circumstances. He was not sent to school, but received some instruction from the parish priest, and picked up considerable information by reading. At



CAMEL TRAIN IN NEVADA.—Drawn by Frenzeny.—[See Page 502.]

the age of sixteen he came to this country, intending to settle in New York. An acquaintance induced him to go to Montreal, where he found employment in a hotel, and where he also formed the habit of drinking to excess. This led to the loss of his situation. He then went upon a farm in this State, where he remained for six years. He succeeded in subduing his desire for strong drink, married an estimable young woman, and seemed to have set out upon a new and happy course of life.

Mr. Murphy at length left the country, and went to Portland, Maine, where, in partnership with an elder brother, he managed a large hotel. On the dissolution of the partnership he carried on the business alone. Again, however, he fell into the habit of drinking to excess, lost his business and all his savings, and was finally turned out of the hotel a ruined man. The death of his wife appeared to bring him to his senses again. He determined to reform himself, and to aid others who were in the same plight. For this purpose he became a temperance lecturer; and being endowed with a fine voice and a persuasive, fervent style of oratory, his success on the platform was immediate and lasting. He has immense power over an audience, and has probably induced more people to sign the pledge than any other temperance advocate, with the exception of Father Mathew. Murphy has lectured during the last six or seven years in New England, the Middle States, and the West, every where greeted by vast audiences, and leading thousands of people to a new and better life.

CAMELS IN NEVADA.

In 1857 the United States government made an attempt to introduce camels for service in the arid wastes along the Southwestern frontier. Ten camels were landed at New York, but all save one pair, a male and a female, died soon after from the effects of the voyage. The survivors were transferred to Nevada, whose sandy and sterile soil produces an abundance of prickly shrubs which no other animal would touch. On this kind of food the single pair of camels flourished and multiplied, and their descendants now number over one hundred. They are hardy, useful animals, and, as shown in our illustration on page 501, are capable of good service as beasts of burden in the sandy wastes of the Southwest.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A FLINTY-HEARTED FATHER.

Beatrix walked up and down by the river, till the gray day grew darker and duller, and the first shadows of evening began to show blue behind the gables and chimney-stacks and square church tower of Little Yafford. Her heart beat faster as the time went on. Every minute might bring her a summons to the library to hear her father's decision, or Cyril would come into the garden to seek her, perhaps. But the light grew grayer, evening was at hand, and there was still no summons.

"Can he have gone away without seeing me? Cruel," she thought.

Miss Scales came running out with her shawl over her head, full of reproaches about the risk of evening air.

"Do you know if papa has had any visitors, Miss Scales sweet?" asked Beatrix, taking her governess's arm affectionately.

"My dear, when does your papa ever have visitors?"

"Then there hasn't been any one?"

"I have been in my own room all afternoon."

"Then you couldn't have seen any one if they had come," said Beatrix. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"My dear Beatrix, you have not your usual amenity of manner," remonstrated the governess.

"I beg your pardon, dear, but I have such a frightful headache."

"If you would only try a sedlitz—"

"No; it will be better by-and-by. Let's go in."

"You shall have a cup of tea, dear."

They went in together, and Beatrix pleaded exemption from the formality of dinner on account of her headache. She went to her room, and threw herself on her sofa, and took up the first book that her hand lighted on, amidst a litter of books and papers on the old-fashioned writing-table.

It was Dante. That melodious language which had been her mother's native tongue had always been dear to Beatrix, though it was only Miss Scales's English lips from which she had learned it. Her mother had rarely spoken Italian in her presence. She had tried her best to become an Englishwoman.

She turned over the familiar pages of the "Inferno" till she came to the story of Paolo and Francesca.

"Perhaps my mother's history was like that," she said. "She may never have loved my father. Poor Francesca! And Dante had known her and loved her when she was a happy, innocent child. No wonder that he should write of her with infinite pity."

Her thoughts wandered back to that dream-like time of childhood in which her mother had been the chief figure in the picture of life. Poor mother! There was some deep sorrow, some inexpressible grief and mystery, mixed up with those early years.

Miss Scales brought her some tea, and was full of affectionate fussiness.

"Dearest, kindest Miss Scales, if you would only go and have your dinner, and leave me quite alone," Beatrix entreated. "I know that perfect quiet will cure my headache."

"I'll only stop till you have finished your tea, my dear. Oh, by-the-bye, your papa did have a visitor this afternoon. Quite an event, is it not? Mr. Culverhouse called, and was in the library for the best part of an hour, Peacock tells me. I suppose it was about the schools—or the church—or something."

"I suppose so," said Beatrix.

Thank Heaven, Miss Scales did not suspect any thing. Beatrix could bear any thing better than people's sympathy. There was much of her father's reserve in her nature. She had never made a confidante of Isabella Scratchell, of whom she was so fond.

Miss Scales went away to eat her lonely dinner. That meal was served for the governess and her pupil at half past five o'clock in the cedar parlor—a pretty old room looking into the garden. Except on Sundays, when there was a dreary make-believe family dinner, Mr. Harefield dined alone at seven, in the spacious dining-room. It would not be good for his daughter to dine so late, he said, and he could not dine earlier. On this pretext he contrived to secure to himself the solitude which his gloomy soul loved. He was a man who took no pleasure in eating or drinking. He consumed his food in an absent-minded manner, for the most part with an open book beside his plate, and could not have told any one what he had had for dinner half an hour after he had dined.

Left to herself, Beatrix lay upon the sofa, broad awake, with her arms folded above her head, still as a statue, waiting for her doom. That hung in some measure—in a large measure, perhaps—upon her father's decision of to-day. But it was a resolute young soul which stood thus face to face with destiny—a soul capable of desperate things. Every line in the girl's face told of decision. The firm lips were closely locked, the large dark eyes looked steadfastly forward, as if looking into the future and facing its worst issues.

At eight o'clock there came a gentle tapping at the door.

"Oh, if you please, miss," said the house-maid, "master wishes to see you in the library."

"It has come," thought Beatrix, rising from the sofa. She paused for an instant as she passed the cheval-glass to survey herself from head to foot. She was dressed in dark blue cloth, plainly made, fitting her like a riding-habit—a close linen collar clasped with a gold button. The tall, full figure had more of womanly pride than girlish grace.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I am like my mother. Perhaps that is why he hates me. And yet if he had not loved her better than any thing on earth, why should he be so miserable?"

This was a problem that Beatrix had often tried to solve. The loss which had blighted her father's life must have been the loss of one deeply loved. Yet Beatrix's memory of her mother's last year on earth could recall no evidence of a husband's love.

Her father was standing with his back to the fire when she went into the library, just in the same attitude as that in which he had awaited Cyril Culverhouse. He had changed his long gray dressing-gown for a frock-coat. That was the only alteration.

There was but one lamp in the room—a large reading lamp with a crimson velvet shade which threw all the light on Mr. Harefield's table. The rest of the room was in semi-darkness, fitfully illuminated by the wood fire.

Mr. Harefield did not waste time upon any ceremonious preamble.

"I have had an application for your hand," he said, his daughter standing before him, facing him steadily.

"Yes, papa."

"You know of it, I suppose?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you approve of it?"

She hesitated for a moment, remembering her last conversation with Cyril.

"I am deeply attached to Mr. Culverhouse," she said, her voice trembling a little at the daring confession, "and he is the only man I will ever marry."

"Indeed! That is coming to the point, at any rate. How old are you, Beatrix?"

"Nineteen."

"And you have made up your mind already that there is but one man upon earth you can love—that you will marry him, and no other?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, looking at him with those dark intense eyes of hers—so like other eyes long since quenched in eternal night—"yes, papa, I am very sure of that. Fate may be too strong for me—I feel sometimes as if I were born for an evil fate. I may not marry Cyril, perhaps, but I will never marry any one else."

"Do you know that when I am dead—if you do not offend me—you will be a very rich woman?"

"I have never thought about it, papa."

"Think about it now, then. If you marry to please me, you will have an estate large enough to make you an important personage in the world. If you marry Cyril Culverhouse, you will not have sixpence. I will leave all I have in the world to found an asylum for—"

A coarse word was on his lips, but he checked himself, and substituted a euphemism—

"An asylum for nameless children."

"Papa, I should be sorry to offend you," said Beatrix, with a quiet resoluteness that took him by surprise, "but the consideration of your wealth would not influence me in the least. I have seen that money can not bring happiness," she went on, unconsciously repeating Cyril's argument, "and I can let the chance of being rich slip by me without a pang. I have quite made up my mind to marry Cyril—to share his poverty, and be his patient, hard-working wife—if he will have me."

"You deliberately announce your intention to disobey me!" cried Mr. Harefield, pale with indignation.

"You have never given me love. Cyril loves me. Can you expect me to obey you at the sacrifice of that love? Do you think it is reasonable, father?"

"Ah," sighed Christian Harefield, "it is in the blood—it is in the blood! It would not be natural for her to love me."

He paced the room two or three times through the sombre shadows, leaving Beatrix standing by the hearth. Then he came slowly back and seated himself in the large arm-chair beside the fire.

He bent over the logs and stirred them into a blaze. The broad yellow light leaped up and filled the room with cheerful brightness. The grinning faces in the carved book-cases came to life, the tarnished gilding of the books seemed new again.

"Now listen to me, Beatrix," he said, without looking up from the fire. "You complain that I have given you no love. Well, perhaps your complaint is not baseless. The fountain of my affections was poisoned at its spring—years ago. If I had loved you, my love would have been baneful. Better that I should lock my heart against you, that you should grow up at my side almost as a stranger, near and yet far off. You have so grown up; and, according to my lights, I have done my duty to you as a father. Now comes the question of obedience. You repudiate my claim to that. I will put the question in another way. I appeal to your self-interest. Mr. Culverhouse loves you, you think. Very probably he does. You are young, handsome, and, considering it to his advantage to fall in love with you, he may have found the task easy. But be assured that he loves the heiress better than he loves the woman—that he looks to your fortune as a stepping-stone to his advancement. He is ambitious, no doubt. All these Churchmen are. They assume the religion of humility, and yet languish for power. Every country vicar is at heart a Pope, and believes in his own infallibility. Mr. Culverhouse knows that a rich wife is the shortest cut to a deanery."

"Put him to the test," cried Beatrix. "Let him take me without a sixpence."

"Yes, he would do that, believing that time would take the edge off my anger, and that I should end by leaving you mistress of my estates. He would speculate upon the chances of the future, and then when I died and left you nothing, you would have to pay for his disappointment. A life of poverty and complaint, discontent and upbraiding. Be reasonable, Beatrix. Let the bitter experience of my life govern yours. Great inequality of fortune between husband and wife means that one of the two is dupe or victim. Wait till a suitor approaches you who has advantages to offer equal to those you can give. You are tired of this gloomy home; you want to spread your wings and fly. Be patient for a little while. For your sake I will come out of my shell. I will take you to great cities. You shall see the world, and make your own choice, but make it wisely. This first choice of yours is only a girl's fancy, and means nothing."

"It means life or death, papa," she answered, firmly. "I shall never change."

"And you deliberately refuse to obey me?"

"Yes, I refuse to sacrifice my happiness at your bidding. If you had loved me, it would have been different. Your love would have filled my heart. But my heart was as empty as a desert. I had nothing but the memory of my mother, and that was full of sorrow."

"Hush!" said Christian Harefield. "Do not speak of your mother."

"Why should I not?" exclaimed Beatrix, haughtily. "She was good and pure and noble. My heart tells me that. Nothing you could say against her would shake my faith in her. I love her memory better—better than any thing upon this earth, except Cyril."

She said this softly, and for the first time since she had entered her father's presence, a maidenly blush dyed her face.

"Go," said Christian Harefield; "you and I are as likely to agree as fire and water. Go. I have no more to say to you. Take your own course."

She went to the door without a word, but, with her hand upon the lock, paused, faltered, and came slowly back to the hearth. Unconsciously she repeated the conduct of Desdemona after her rebellious marriage. She knelt at her father's feet, took his hand and kissed it.

"Forgive me for disobeying you," she pleaded. "The sacrifice you require is too great."

He answered not a word, but when she had reached the door, he said, "So long as you are in my house and under age, I shall insist upon obedience. You are to go no more to the Vicarage, understand that."

"Very well, papa."

CHAPTER X.

TWO LOVE-LETTERS.

Proudly as she had carried herself while she was face to face with her father, her firmness gave way all at once when she left him, and she burst into a flood of tears.

She went up stairs, intending to go straight to her own room. She did not want to exhibit her grief before kindly Miss Scales. She shrank from the faithful governess's sympathy—could not for worlds have told her secret, or bared her wounds, or allowed Cyril's affection to be canvassed or criticised. She wanted no one's sympathy or advice, and had fully made up her mind as to her future course.

"If he will be steadfast to me, I will be true to him," she said within herself. "I laugh at the thought of poverty if it is to be shared with him."

In the dimly lighted corridor she stopped suddenly with a start of surprise. Something had happened which she had never known to occur before. The key was in the lock of her mother's room—that sealed chamber, the picture of which was more dimly painted on her memory than a dream of past years—the room she had so languished to see.

Without a thought of whether it was right or wrong, she ran to her room at the other end of the corridor, fetched a candle, and went back to her mother's door.

The door was unlocked. She took out the key, went in, and locked the door inside, to secure herself from interruption.

"Dear room!" she said, looking round in the dim light. "Yes, I remember it better now, and mamma sitting there in that low chair by the fire, and I lying on that white rug with my toys scattered about. Ah, what happy days! The soft, fleecy whiteness used to remind me of snow. And then when I was tired of play, mamma used to take me into her lap and sing to me. Oh, how I loved her! No; there is no love like that—no love so sweet, so strong, so holy! Mother, if you could come back to me for a few short years, I would give up Cyril. I would sacrifice that newer love for the old one, for the old love was dearer, sweeter, closer, better."

She flung herself on her knees beside the empty chair and sobbed out her passionate grief. It seemed to her almost as if there were sympathy in that contact—a kind of sympathy which comforted her soul. To these dumb things, which breathed of her mother's presence, she could pour out her sorrow, she could lay bare her heart. No pride restrained her here.

So she remained for a long time, till her passion had almost worn itself out in weeping. Then she rose and looked round the room, and then slowly examined each once familiar object, candle in hand. The dust lay white upon every thing, and the spider had spun his gauzy draperies from curtain to curtain.

Yes. Every thing was as she had faintly remembered it. There stood the Japanese cabinets, with their rich raised work representing dragons, and birds, and fishes, and golden trees, and golden bridges, and golden temples, all golden on a shining black ground. How often she had stood before one of those cabinets, admiring the strange creatures!

"Are they all gold when they are alive, mamma?" she had asked once; "and do they swim in black water?"

There stood the frame with the Berlin wool roses which she had watched slowly creeping into life under her mother's white hands. She lifted the tissue-paper covering and looked at the flowers with awe-stricken eyes. All these empty years had scarcely faded them, and yet the hands that had wrought them were dust.

The centre table was covered with books and desks and dainty work-baskets, all the trifles of a woman's daily life—just as Mrs. Harefield had left them.

Beatrix opened a blotting-book. There was a letter begun in a woman's hand—her mother's, doubtless. The sight of it thrilled her, for it was the first scrap of her mother's writing she had seen since she was old enough to distinguish one style of penmanship from another.

The letter was dated in the year of her mother's death:

"The Water House, *September* 10, 1840.

"Dear Mrs. Dulcimer,—We should have been very pleased to come to you on the 22d, but Mr. Harefield has made up his mind to leave for Italy on the 18th, so, you see, it would be impossible. Thanks for your kind advice about little Trix. I agree with you that she is far from strong, and I am happy to tell you that Mr. Harefield has consented to my taking her with me this year. A winter in the South will doubtless—"

Here the letter broke off. Mrs. Dulcimer had called, perhaps, and rendered its completion unnecessary. Beatrix could just remember that Mrs. Dulcimer used to call rather often in those days.

The key was in one of the Japanese cabinets. Beatrix unlocked it and looked inside. There were two rows of shallow drawers, with tarnished silver handles. In the first she opened there was a velvet-covered miniature case which Beatrix recognized with a start. It was the one which her mother had taken out of her hand one day.

She opened it and looked at the pictured face, exquisitely painted on ivory. It was such a face as one sees in the pictures of the old Italian masters—darkly beautiful, the lips proud and firm, the nostrils exquisitely chiseled, the eyes Italian.

"Was this Antonio?" Beatrix asked herself. "And who was he? And why was his influence evil in my mother's life?"

She pursued her examination of the room. What was this small brass inlaid casket on a table between the windows? It was a neat little medicine chest with stoppered bottles. She took them out one by one. They were for the most part empty. But one, labeled laudanum, poison, was three parts full. She put them back into their places and shut down the lid. "I wonder whether mamma used to take laudanum as I have done sometimes, to kill pain?" she said to herself.

The morning-room opened into the dressing-room, which communicated with the bedroom. But the door between morning-room and dressing-room was locked. Beatrix could explore no further.

She unlocked the door, restored the key to its place on the other side, and left the room unseen as she had entered it. She looked at her watch when she got to her own room. It was half past ten. She had been an hour in that chamber of the dead.

She locked the door of her own room just in time to escape a visitation from Miss Scales, whose gentle tapping sounded on the panel five minutes afterward.

"Are you going to bed, dear?" inquired the duenna.

"Yes, Miss Scales love. Good-night."

"Good-night, dear."

Beatrix stirred the fire. The autumn nights were getting chill and shivery. It seemed as if the river became an embodied dampness at this time of year, and stole into the house after nightfall like a spectre.

She took out her desk, and in that firm and almost masculine hand of hers, began a letter to Cyril.

"Dearest," she began. No other name was needed. He was her dearest, and only dear.

"Dearest,—My father has told me his decision. It is just as I told you. He will bestow no blessing upon our love. He has sworn to disinherit me if I marry you. He is quite resolute, and will never change his mind, he assures me. Nothing you or I could do would soften him. If you marry me you will marry a pauper. I am to be penniless.

"Is your mind made up, Cyril? Are you true and steadfast? If so, you will find me firm as rock. Poverty has no terrors for me. I would marry you, dearest, if you were a farm-laborer with a dozen shillings a week. I would work, drudge, and wash, and mend, and be your happy wife. I have told my father as much as this. I have told him that I renounce his money and his lands—that I am ready to be your wife whenever you choose to claim me—that the loss of all he has to leave can not make me swerve by one hair's breadth from my purpose.

"Do you think me bold, Cyril, or unwomanly, for writing thus frankly? If you do, please pardon me, as Romeo pardoned Juliet, because I have not 'more cunning to be strange.' Write to me, dearest. I am forbidden to go to the Vicarage any more while I remain under my father's roof, so I have little hope of seeing you. Write and tell me what you wish.

"Your ever affectionate Beatrix."

What was Cyril Culverhouse to do on receiving such a letter as this of Beatrix Harefield's, after his promise to her father that he would hold no further communication with her? To leave such a letter unanswered was impossible to any man. To break his word, and answer it in an underhand manner, was impossible to Cyril Culverhouse.

The woman [illegible] loved declared herself all his own. She held the sacrifice of fortune as a feather weighed against his love. She was ready to be his wife, unfettered, unburdened by the wealth which had never entered into his views or desires. The loss of that wealth would weigh as lightly with him as it did with her. But could he be so selfish as to take this unschooled, impetuous girl at her word? Could he say to her, "Sacrifice all things for my sake, fortune and duty, your father's estate and your father's regard? Disobey and defy your father at my bidding?" Could he, whose mission it was to teach others their duty, so far violate his own?

Cyril told himself that he could not do this thing. He was a man who had built his life upon principle, and though in this case passion urged him strongly to do wrong, principle was stronger, and insisted upon his doing right.

He asked advice from no one, not even from his cousin Kenrick, who had found out the secret of his heart.

This is what he wrote to Beatrix within three hours of the delivery of her letter, hours which he had given to deepest thought:

"My best and dearest,—How can I thank you enough for your noble letter, and for its dear assurance that fortune ranks no higher in your esteem than it does in mine? How can I answer conscientiously, and with a strict adherence to the hard path of duty, and not seem to answer coldly?

"If I could answer you as my heart prompts, I should say, 'Let us begin our life journey at once.' I have no fear of the issue. Were I a fatalist, I should feel myself strong enough to conquer adverse fate, with you by my side. Believing as I do in a Divine goodness governing and guiding all things, I can survey the future with infinite reliance, feeling certain that all things will be well for us, if we can only cleave to the right.

"It would not be right, dearest, for me to profit by the impulse of your warm heart, which prompts you to make so large a sacrifice for my sake. You are but just emerging from childhood into womanhood, and you can hardly measure the losses you are at this moment willing to incur. Let us wait a few years, love, and if time and experience confirm your present purpose, most proudly and gladly will I take my darling to my heart, free from the splendid burden of wealth. Let us wait, at least, till you are of age, and then, if you are still true to your purpose of to-day, you will be justified in choosing for yourself. No father has the right to impose his wishes upon a child where a life's happiness or misery is at stake, but he has the right to do his uttermost to prevent an unwise choice. Your father has done me the injustice to think me a fortune-hunter. He might be justified in thinking me something less than an honorable man if I were to take advantage of your guileless nature, which knows not worldly prudence or the thought of change.

"Love, I dare not write more than this. I dare not let my heart go out to you, as it would, in fondest words. I want to write soberly, wisely, if possible. Wait, dear love, for two little years, and, with God's help, I shall have won a better position in my profession, a home which, although humble compared with your father's house, may be not unworthy of a true and loving wife.

"During those two years of waiting we shall have to live apart. I have promised your father that I will make no attempt to see or communicate with you till after your twenty-first birthday. Even to convey this letter to you, I shall have to appeal to his generosity. I shall not break that promise. Dear as my work in Little Yafford has become to me, I shall leave this place as soon as I can hear of an eligible curacy elsewhere. Hitherto my work has been only a labor of love. Henceforward I am a man anxious to succeed in my profession. I do not mean that I am going to sacrifice my divine calling to the desire to win a home for my sweet wife, only that I shall, so far as may be justifiable, seek to improve my position.

"Farewell, dearest. Remember that, while I hold myself bound to you, I leave you free; and if Providence should be pleased to show you a fairer life than that which I can give you, you have but to send me one line, 'Cyril, the dream is ended,' and I will submit, as to the decree of Providence. Yours till death,

"Cyril Culverhouse."

This letter Cyril inclosed in an envelope addressed to Mr. Harefield, with the following note:

"Dear Sir,—I promised not to write to your daughter until after her twenty-first birthday. She has written to me, and I can not leave her letter unanswered. I must appeal to your kindness, therefore, to give her the inclosed letter, read or unread, as it may please you. There is not a word in it that I should blush for you to read, yet I shall be grateful if you deliver the letter unread. I can not think that you will refuse me this boon, as, if you do so, you will place me in the position of having received a noble and self-sacrificing letter from your daughter, and of leaving it wholly unacknowledged.

"Your obedient servant,

"Cyril Culverhouse."

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The local committee appointed to make arrangements for the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held at Nashville, Tennessee, August 29, has issued a circular, expressing the determination to spare no efforts to make this the largest and most interesting assemblage in the history of the association. They expect to be able to furnish private entertainment to every member of the association willing to accept it, to secure for those who prefer it hotel accommodations at reduced rates, and to arrange with the railroads for the issue of free return tickets, as also to provide for such excursions in the vicinity as will render the meeting both pleasant and profitable. The secretary of the local committee is Professor J. **Berrien Lindsley**, and Professor N. T. **Lupton** is chairman of the committee on receptions.

Nearly twenty-five years ago Mr. **Ernest Haeberlin**, of Poppenheim, near Solenhofen, found, in a rich fossiliferous deposit in that neighborhood, remains of an animal, subsequently described by Professor **Owen** as *Archæopteryx lithographica*, and of the deepest interest to naturalists as being one of the connecting links between the bird and the reptile. It was a feathered animal, but with a long and well-developed tail, and its precise anatomy has been the subject of a special memoir by Professor **Owen**.

The nearest relatives of this animal are probably to be found among the fossil birds lately collected by Professor **Marsh**, and about to be described by him in one of the volumes of Mr. **Clarence King**'s report on the geology of the fortieth parallel, where the whole subject will be treated in a comprehensive and exhaustive manner.

News has just been received in this country of the discovery by Mr. **Haeberlin** of a second specimen of this remarkable animal, and much more perfect than the first, as embracing the head, of which the first was destitute. The possession of this object will doubtless be eagerly sought for; and whether, as the German journals express the hope, it be retained in Germany, and not go abroad, will depend upon the question who has the longest purse. We may hope that our Professor **Marsh**, who has shown such wonderful zeal in securing rarities, and has so frequently obtained them in an exciting competition with foreign museums, may add this to the other treasures of the Yale paleontological museum. What the price charged may be, it is impossible to say—doubtless somewhere in the thousands.

Lieutenant **Onatsévitch** has lately given an account of the explorations made by him in Northeastern Siberia and the Sea of Okhotsk during the years 1874 to 1876. The most important consisted in his attempts to reach Wrangell Land by way of Behring Strait. This land, it will be remembered, was discovered by Captain **Long**, an American whaler, some years ago, north of Cape Yakan, in Siberia, and has ever since been an object of great interest to geographers and explorers. Unfortunately, the efforts of the Russian lieutenant to attain the goal were unsuccessful, as he encountered an impenetrable barrier of ice in latitude 67°, which stopped his way.

A very curious narrative referring to the alleged habit of hibernation of migratory birds is given in a recent number of *Nature*. Sir **John M'Neill**, a brother-in-law of the Duke of Argyle, and formerly a resident in Persia, states that, in company with Sir **Henry Rawlinson**, he once visited the village of Kenara-gird, about twenty-five miles south of Teheran, during an unusually severe frost. There is here a stream of brackish water, which is never frozen, running between nearly perpendicular banks forty or fifty feet high. These walls were perforated with an immense number of holes about the size of a rat-hole, all of which were occupied by swallows in the dormant state. Each hole contained several swallows, but in no case were they seen lying one on another: all singly, with their heads inward, each head touching the tail of the bird before it. In one place a large piece of the face of the cliff had become detached by a land-slide, and here a large number of swallows were lying on the ground, apparently dead, but really in the same dormant condition; they were warm, and the breathing was quite perceptible.

Mr. G. **Brown Goode**, assistant curator of the National Museum at Washington, has been engaged during the past winter in investigating the natural history of the Bermudas, and has recently returned with a large collection, filling twelve barrels and forty-three boxes, and including over 1000 bottles of invertebrates in alcohol. His collections embrace the entire marine fauna of the coast—fishes, mollusks, worms, etc., many of which are believed to be entirely new to science.

According to the report of the Berlin Aquarium for the year 1875, the success of that enterprise, as in the case of those established elsewhere, has been quite satisfactory to its projectors. The total number of visitors in 1875 was 261,544—a large increase on that of 1874, and the greatest in the history of the establishment. The income from entrance fees was about $37,500; from other sources, about $13,000, or a total of $50,000.

We referred not long since to the discovery in Siberia of a well-preserved carcass of the mammoth, and to the intention of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg to take the necessary steps to preserve it. A part of its flesh was sent to St. Petersburg, and proved to be in excellent preservation, and Mr. **Poliakof** has been sent by the Academy for the purpose of securing the animal in as great a variety of its parts as possible.

An interesting fact in physical science has lately been announced by **Olivier**, which, in his opinion, shows that heat in certain cases is not transmitted by ordinary conduction, as usually takes place. A square bar of steel, about fifteen millimeters in diameter and seventy or eighty centimeters long, is grasped firmly by the two hands of the operator, one hand being in the centre of the bar, the other at one end. The front end is pressed strongly against an emery wheel turning with extreme rapidity. At the end of a few minutes the front end becomes heated very considerably. The hand in the centre of the bar experiences no heat whatever, or very little, while the other end of the bar is heated to such a degree that the operator is obliged to drop it.

The second part of the Bulletin of the United States Entomological Commission has been published, under Dr. **Hayden**'s supervision, and gives a general account of the history of the Rocky Mountain locust, and of the habits of the young or unfledged insects as they occur in the more fertile country in which they will hatch the present year.

This is the second of a series of papers by which the Grasshopper Commission lately authorized by Congress propose to call the attention of farmers to the subject, and to secure their co-operation in meeting the ravages of this destructive insect.

The rapidly succeeding numbers of Dr. **Hayden**'s Bulletins of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, filled with important scientific material, already constitute a very extensive library of scientific monographs. In the latest and third number of Volume III., published on the 15th of May, we find ethnological papers by **Edward A. Barber** and **Paul Schumacher**; one on the vertebrate fossils of the Judith River, by Professor **Cope**; Professor **White** publishes five papers on different groups of fossils belonging principally to fresh-water types; Dr. **Coues** gives some preliminary notes on the shrews of North America, of which he is preparing an elaborate monograph, and describes five new species. A paper on the ornithology of the region about the head waters of the Red River of Texas, by Lieutenant **M'Cauley**, one on the land and fresh-water shells of Nebraska, by Dr. **Aughey**, and a paper by A. D. **Wilson** on the geographical work of Dr. **Hayden**'s survey, close this volume of over 200 pages, with numerous illustrations.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

From the Peruvian coast there comes a thrilling tale of disaster and ruin. The severe earthquake that occurred on the night of May 9, and the tidal wave that followed, brought destruction to many thriving towns along the coast of South America, and death to hundreds of their inhabitants. The earthquake seemed to result from the eruption of the volcano Ilaga, situated on the southern frontier of Peru and Bolivia. The first shock lasted from four to five minutes, and was succeeded by several others of less intensity. Then the sea, receding from the shore, seemed to concentrate its force for repeated attacks upon the land. At Arica the people were busily engaged in preparing temporary fortifications to repel a threatened assault of the rebel ram *Huascar* at the very moment when the roar of the earthquake was heard. The sea suddenly receded from the beach, and a wave from ten to fifteen feet in height rolled in upon the shore, carrying every thing before it. Eight times this assault of the ocean was repeated. Strange as it may seem, only a few lives were lost at this place. At Iquique the wooden houses came tumbling down at the first shock, and a fire immediately spread among the ruins. The firemen, to procure water, had just stationed two engines on the beach, when a fearful cry arose—"The sea! the sea!" and the angry waves rushed in, and the engines were carried away. The inhabitants left the city to its fate, and fled to neighboring eminences. The earthquake, the fire, and the water, all combined, destroyed nearly the whole town, and also about 400,000 quintals of nitre stored in the vicinity. It is supposed that at least two hundred person were killed at Chanavaya, where the shock was especially severe. Mexillones (or Mejillones) was visited by a tidal wave sixty-five feet high, and two-thirds of the town entirely obliterated. A mine about four miles from Tocopila sank in, killing about two hundred workmen. A wave thirty-five feet high swept along the principal business street of Cobija, an important town on the Bolivian coast, and left it as level as a desert. Eleven large vessels were totally lost, with many persons on board, and much other shipping seriously damaged. The property lost is estimated at twenty millions of dollars, and the loss of life on shore is supposed to be not less than six hundred. The government immediately made arrangements to send relief to the sufferers; and it is hoped that the ruined towns, many of which have suffered in a similar way before, will be rebuilt on sites which may offer greater security.

The Widcombe bridge which recently fell, near the English city of Bath, causing the death of several persons and serious injury to many more, was a wooden suspension-bridge, which, from its first building, was considered a frail structure. The accident occurred during the celebration of the centenary of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Show. It is said that on a previous occasion when the show was held at Bath the bridge was pronounced unsafe, and was strengthened.

The Sydney Exhibition, in New South Wales, Australia, opened promptly on April 10. The chief features of the show are the American and Canadian exhibits. An annex has been built for their especial accommodation, and it is constantly crowded with sight-seers. The favorable comments made would indicate that the United States did a good thing in sending so many excellent manufactures to Sydney. It is reported that there is an average of 9000 visitors a day.

During a great storm on May 14 and 15, about ten thousand sheep perished at Aspen Valley and vicinity, about twenty-three miles northwest of Yosemite Valley. They were attempting to cross over to pasture land in Mono County, and were lost in the snow.

Greenwood Lake, about forty miles from this city, and situated partly in New York State and partly in New Jersey, is a delightful summer resort. The lake is ten miles long, the scenery about it charming, and plenty of fish live in its waters.

The *Columbia* is said to be the largest steamboat ever built expressly for excursions. It has three decks, and accommodations for 3500 passengers. This boat was recently launched from the yard of John Englis & Son, Greenpoint, New York, and will soon be put on the Rockaway line.

A prominent physician in Bellevue Hospital has remarked that painful operations can be performed much more easily on "flower days" than on any others. A patient will bear his sufferings without complaint if he has a bouquet of flowers to hold. The rooms of the "Flower Mission," at 239 Fourth Avenue, are open on Mondays and Thursdays, from ten in the morning till one in the afternoon. Express companies carry flowers to the mission free of cost.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has her trials. She belongs to the Greek Church, but at the time of her marriage it was arranged that any children of hers were to be brought up as Protestants. On the anniversary of her imperial father's birth she attended the Greek Church in London, and offered prayers for his safety, happiness, and success in arms. Whereupon, among a certain class of adherents to the Church of England, there has been an indignant remonstrance against the Duchess being permitted to have the custody of her innocent babes during her forth-coming visit of three months in Russia.

About this time it is well for all good citizens to bear in mind that in 1866 a single fire-cracker cost the city of Portland, Maine, no less than $10,000,000.

Not long ago, at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon, 110 large salmon were taken at once in a net. They were sold to the canneries at about two cents a pound.

American machinery is growing very popular in South America. Large numbers of mowing and reaping machines have been exported, as well as general machinery and locomotives. Other countries have in some cases the advantage of first introducing their implements, but the strength and quality of American machinery give it superiority.

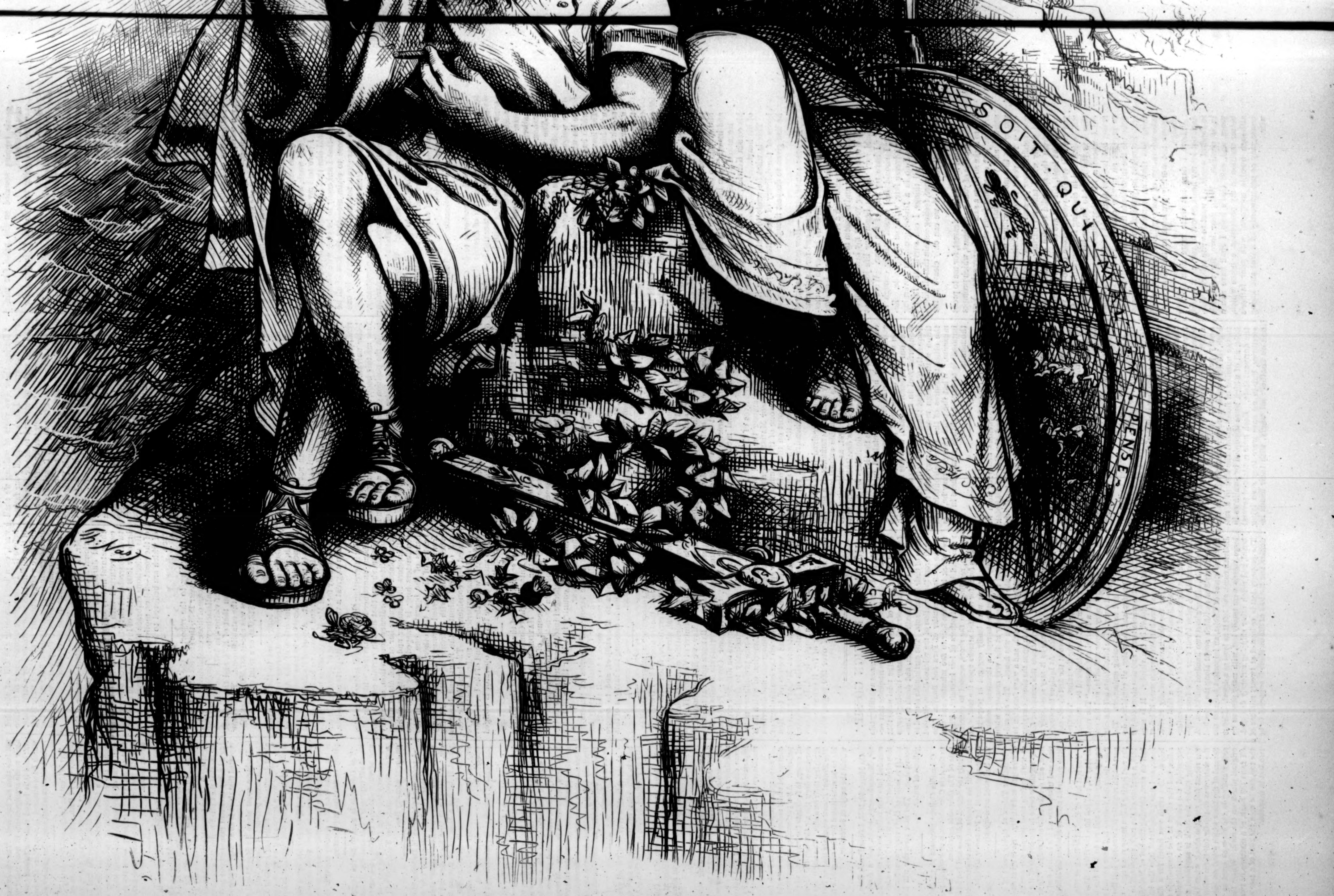
Two surgeons recently died in Paris from diphtheria contracted while endeavoring to save the lives of their patients. After performing an operation for the relief of croup, to facilitate the breathing of the patients, the surgeons drew the air through the diseased windpipe, applying their own lips. The result was fatal to them. The *Medical Record* suggests that an instrument suitable to be substituted for the surgeon's mouth must be within the scope of invention.

On March 30, 1876, Lynde Brook Dam, near Worcester, Massachusetts, burst, and a flood of waters descended into the valley below, causing great destruction of property. A new dam has now been constructed, and it is believed that every precaution for security has been taken. The new reservoir will hold 663,000,000 gallons of water.

Columbia College proposes to publish, in addition to the *Acta Columbiana*, a new official paper, under the title of *The Columbia Spectator*. It is to represent especially the School of Mines and the Law Department. There will be reports of the moot-courts and the decisions rendered by Professor Dwight. *The Spectator* will be issued semi-weekly.

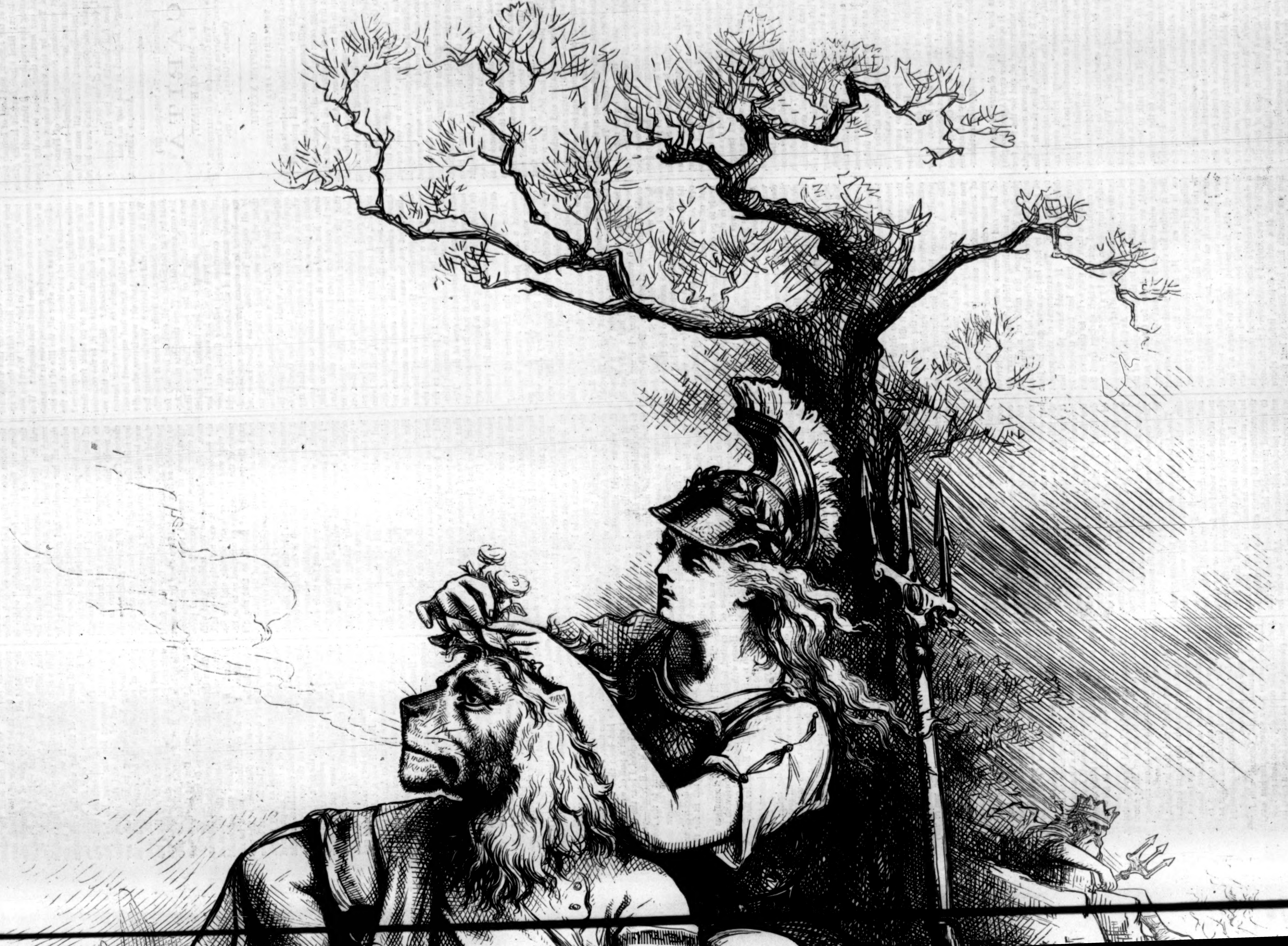
Monsieur Thiers at eighty years of age is a marvel of strength and vitality. He is up at dawn of day, and at work before most people are awake. He takes a nap regularly twice in the course of the day, eats plain food, and drinks milk and coffee. He economizes his time and takes care of his health, and as yet has had little apparent need to slacken his labors.

The last half of the Table Rock at Niagara broke off on May 24, and fell into the river. The mass weighed nearly sixty tons, and up to 1876 the names of over four thousand visitors had been carved upon it. The part which recently fell was only half the original rock, the rest having fallen many years ago. On January 1, 1829, a surface of the rock, supposed to be the size of half an acre, forming the bed of Maiden Walk, broke loose, and was precipitated into the immense chasm below. The crash was heard for a distance of five miles, and the effect in the immediate neighborhood resembled the shock of an earthquake. The water running under the bank is supposed to have caused the recent fall, and the shock when the rock struck the water was distinctly felt three miles from the fall. Several of the trees which stood on the rock are now seen standing in the river as erect as when in their original places on the rock. Where the rock shelved off from the bank, at a distance of twenty feet from the top, can be seen the root of a tree estimated to be two feet in diameter.



BRITANNIA LIONIZING OUR MODERN ULYSSES.

"My heart burns for the prudent, ill-fated ULYSSES, who, in a sea-girt island, where is the centre of the sea, a woody island, and in her mansion a goddess dwells, the daughter of all-wise Atlas, who kens the depth of the whole sea. But his daughter detains (ULYSSES) unhappy lamenting (?): and she continually soothes him with soft and winning words."—THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.



TO VICTOR HUGO.

Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!
Who dost not love our England—so they say;
I know not—England, France, all man to be
Will make one people ere man's race be run:
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy my son.

Alfred Tennyson.

(Continued from No. 1068, page 467.)

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CRISIS APPROACHING.

While Oswald went about the streets so lightly, and thought so pleasantly of his prospects, another mind, still more agitated than that of Cara, was turning over and over all he had done for the last five or six weeks, and all that he might be about to do in the future. Agnes in her convent, with all her routine of duties, with the little tinkling bell continually calling her to one thing or another—to matins or even-song, to "meditation," to this service or that, to choir practice, to dinner and tea and recreation—carried a tumult of fancies about with her, which no one, except, perhaps, Sister Mary Jane, guessed. Oswald would have stood aghast could he have seen into that little ocean of excited feelings where the waves rose higher and higher as the hours went on, and sometimes a swelling tide almost swept the thinker herself away, though, indeed, he would have been so unable to understand it that the insight would probably have taught him little. How easily he took all this, which was so tremendous to her! and that not only because of the difference between man and woman, but because of the fundamental difference in temperament, which was greater still. Agnes had known but little that was lovely or pleasant in her life. Her rectory home was neither; her father and mother and brothers and sisters were all vulgar and commonplace, struggling for existence, and for such privileges as it contained, one against another, and against the world, each grumbling at the indulgences the other managed to secure. The parish and its poor—and its rich, who were not much more attractive—had been all the world she had known, and the only beings who had crossed her horizon who were not struggling like her own people in the sordid race of existence to get something, whatever it might be, were the Sisters in the House; and such a gentle, retired person as Miss Cherry, who was not fighting for any thing, who was ready to yield to any one, and whose mild existence was evidently not pervaded by that constant recollection of self which filled up all the life of the others. This was what had brought the visionary girl into the House, which was sordid too in its details, though not in its spirit. Then there had been suddenly presented to her, just as she settled down to the work of the House, an image of something new, something more spontaneous, more easy in generosity, more noble in liberality, than any thing she had ever encountered. What did it matter that this type of nobleness was a handsome young man? Visionary Agnes, in the daring of her youth, saw no harm, but rather a beautiful fitness, in the fact that this revelation of the ideal should have all that was best in external as well as in more important things. He had stopped short, no doubt, with all the brilliant world, which she did not know, waiting for him, arrested till he should join it, to carry the wounded child to the hospital. He had left those mysterious glories of life, day after day and week after week, to go and ask for little Emmy. How wonderful this was! The devotion of Sister Mary Jane, the loving-kindness of Miss Cherry, faded before such an example; for they had not the world at their feet as this young paladin evidently had.

This was how the first chapter of the story came about. It opened her eyes (Agnes thought) to nobleness undreamed of, and for the first few weeks the universe itself had grown more bright to her. Could it be possible, then, that in "the world" itself, which the Sisters had abjured—in that splendid, glorious "society" which even ascetic books spoke of as something too full of entrancements and seductions to be resisted by any but the most heroic—there were still opportunities of living the highest, unselfish life, to the glory of God and the comfort of man? When Agnes found that this ideal hero of hers had thoughts less exalted in his bosom—that so small a motive as the wish to see herself and talk to her had something to do with his devotion to the orphan, her visionary mind received a shock. Probably had Oswald's enthusiasm been for another, she would have been disquieted by the discovery; but there is something strangely conciliatory in the fact that it is one's self who is admired and followed. Such trivial emotions detract from the perfection of an ideal character; but still it is a much more easy thing to forgive your own lover than any one else's. And the more he sought her, the more Agnes's heart, in spite of herself, inclined toward the man who could be thus moved. The ideal stole away, but so insensibly, in rose-colored clouds, that she had not discovered the departure of her first admiration and wonder before something else stole in. It was not all goodness, nobleness, Christian charity, perhaps, that moved him; but what was it? Love, which in its way is divine too. Only after this altogether new influence had made itself felt did doubts appear, making a chaos in her mind. Were his sentiments as true as she had first thought? Was it right to counterfeit goodness, even in the name of love? Was not, after all, the life of the Sisters—the life of sacrifice—more noble than the other smiling life, of which he was the emblem? Was it not a mean thing to go back from that, and all one's high thoughts of it, to the common romance of a story-book? Might not this romance lead back again to those vulgar beaten paths out of which Agnes had supposed herself to have escaped? And, ah! was it true, after all? Was it love, and not levity? Was he seeking her seriously, in honor and truth; or was it possible that he was not noble at all, seeking her only for his own amusement? These thoughts shook Agnes to the bottom of her soul. They were like convulsions passing over her, tearing her spirit asunder. She went on with her work and all her religious exercises, and nobody found out how curiously unaware of what she was doing the girl was—living in a dream, performing mechanically all outside functions. Who does know, of those who are most near to us, what is going on in our minds? And not a calm Sister, not a little orphan in the House, would have been more incapable of comprehending than was Oswald, to whom it would have seemed impossible that any thing in the world could produce so much emotion. Not only was it incomprehensible to him, but he could not even have found it out. And that his conduct should move either Agnes or Cara to this passionate suffering was an idea out of his grasp altogether. He would have been astounded, and more than astounded, had he been able to see into these two strange phases of unknown existence, which he could not have realized; but yet he was interested as warmly as his nature permitted. He was "in love;" he was ready to do a great deal to secure to himself the girl he loved; he was ready to proceed to the most unmistakable conclusions, to commit himself, to blazon his love to the eyes of day. Perhaps even the sense that it was in his power to do this, without waiting for a key-note from any one else, had something to do with his perfect calm.

After this, however, the departure of Emmy brought a new phase to this strange wooing. There was no reason now why Agnes should go out alone, and watchful Sister Mary Jane, who was not satisfied with the shape the affair was taking, exercised an undisclosed surveillance over her young disciple. Things of "the world," like love and marriage, are out of the way of professed Sisters, Anglican or otherwise; but Sister Mary Jane had long recognized that Agnes Burchell had not a "vocation;" and she was a woman, though she was a Sister, and had a soft spot in her heart which would have made her not inexorable to an incipient romance. But why didn't he ask me about her friends? Sister Mary Jane said to herself. This seemed to her the test by which Oswald was to be known, and he had borne its application badly. Accordingly she watched over Agnes with double zeal, scarcely letting her out of her own sight. Some one was always ready to go out with her when she went out; and even in the daily procession of the school-girls Agnes was never left alone. Here, however, Oswald was just as much in advance of every thing Agnes could have thought of as she was in advance of him in intensity of feeling. Nothing could exceed the cleverness, the patience, the pertinacity, with which he baffled this attempt to shut him out from her. He would not be shut out; he haunted the neighborhood like the air they breathed. The door seemed never to open but he was within reach, and Agnes never went to a window without seeing him. He passed the procession as it went demurely along the street; he was present somewhere when it came out, and when it went in. Whenever Agnes was visible, he was there. This might have been the most intolerable persecution, enough to drive the victim crazy. But, oddly enough, it did not produce this effect. On the contrary, the sense of his constant presence near her, watching her perpetually, became like an intoxication to Agnes. She went about more and more like a person in a dream. To feel that when you lift your eyes you will most probably see a handsome face full of tender interest, anxiously waiting to secure your answering glance, and beautiful eyes full of love and eagerness watching you wherever you go, is not a thing which produces a very displeasing effect upon the mind of a girl. He could not approach her directly, had not a chance of speaking to her, but he never gave her time to forget him. The excitement of this pursuit delighted Oswald. It would have pleased him even had he been much less truly touched by genuine love than he was, so far as that love can be considered genuine which springs from the sudden impression made by a fair face, and which has no foundation (to speak of) of personal knowledge or intimate acquaintance. As this, however, is what is called love by the great majority of the world, we need not apologize for Oswald's sentiment, which was quite real and very engrossing. But it suited his character admirably to carry it on in this way. He enjoyed the sensation of foiling all precautions, and conveying, by a glance, by the taking off of his hat, by his mere appearance, as much as other men do by chapters of more practical wooing. Agnes, after a week or two of this treatment, began to forget all her doubts, and to feel herself floated upward into a visionary world, a kind of poetical paradise, in which the true knight worships and the fair lady responds at a saintly distance, infinitely above him yet beneath him, half angelic yet half parasitic, owing to his worship the greater part of her grandeur. She made a little feeble resistance now and then, saying to herself that she did not know him, that he did not know her; asking herself how could this interchange of glances and the dozen words they had spoken to each other form any foundation for "friendship," which in the trouble of her mind was what she chose to call it. But such arguments do not count for much in the mind of a girl who feels and knows that all her comings and goings are marked by adoring eyes, that some instinct guides her lover across her path whenever she leaves the shelter of her home, and that his love is great enough to encounter perpetual fatigue and trouble, and to make him give up his entire leisure to the chance of seeing her. If it ever gleamed across her mind that he might have found out an easier way by making love to her parents, and that this would at once have delivered them both from all possibility of misunderstanding, the idea faded as quickly as it entered, driven away by the next appearance of Oswald's reverential salutation, his eager glance, his apparently accidental presence. Sister Mary Jane very seldom went with the procession, and it was not etiquette to talk of what was seen or heard outside, and the Superior of the House was so occupied as to be beyond the possibility of gossip, so that she did not hear of the daily appearance of the intruder. Sister Catherine was short-sighted, and very much taken up with the demeanor of the girls. If she remarked him at all with her dim eyes, she took it for granted that he lived in the neighborhood, and was going to his occupation, whatever it might be, when the girls went out for their walk. "I don't keep up the practice of recognizing the people I knew in the world," she said, on one occasion, seeing somebody taking off his hat. "Never mind whether it was for you or for me; it is best to take no notice, unless, indeed, with real friends." But she did not mention the incident to the Superior, and Agnes, though she trembled, said nothing. The daily encounter was like wine in her veins. It intoxicated her with a curious dreamy intoxication of the spirit. Her head was in the clouds as she walked, and she did not know which was real—the curious life which she passed like a dream in the House, or that glimpse of freedom and light and sunshine which she had abroad, light in which he stood enshrined like the young Saint Michael in the painted window. By degrees that moment of encounter became the critical fact in the day. Who was she to resist this fanciful, delicate worship? and Agnes did not know that it was to him no visionary reverential distant worship, but the most amusing and seductive pursuit in the world.

It was evident, however, that this could not go on indefinitely without coming to some conclusion. A few weeks stole by; Oswald did not tire, and Agnes grew more and more self-absorbed. She struggled, but ineffectually, against the sweet, strange fascination which rapt her out of the vulgar world altogether in which she still went on mechanically doing her duties, very good to the children, very submissive and sweet to the Sisters, caring for nothing so much as to sit still in a corner and muse and dream when her work was done. Agnes felt herself a very unsatisfactory person all these weeks. She was ashamed to think how little her heart was in her work, although she did it to all appearance more dutifully than ever. All her little disquiet was over. She bore the dullness like an angel, because of this visionary refuge of dreams which she had; but, with all this outward sweetness, Agnes felt that in her early days in the House, when her heart rebelled at the details, but was warm as an enthusiast's in the spirit of the place, she was more true than now. Now she was patient, docile, gentle with every body, and when she had an opportunity of quiet, would stroll into the little rude chapel with its bare walls—for what? for prayer? She had gone there to pray for strength many a time when her patience was nearly at an end before; but now what visions stole unwittingly yet too sweetly upon her dreamy soul, what words imagined or remembered kept echoing in her ears? Poor Agnes! how happy she was, and how miserable! Good Sister Catherine, short-sighted and dull, wondered over the young teacher's growth in grace, and whispered to the Superior that a great work was going on, and that their young helper would soon devote herself as they had done, and join them altogether in their work. But Sister Mary Jane, who was wise, shook her head. She saw something in the dreamer's eyes which did not mean devotion. And oh, how guilty poor Agnes felt when, stealing out of chapel, where her prayers had so soon melted away into those musings, she encountered the blue eyes which Oswald had thought too beautiful not to be merciful as well! Agnes trembled daily to be asked, "What are you thinking of?" What was she thinking of? How could she tell any one—much less Sister Mary Jane? It was shameful, terrible, to carry such thoughts into such a place. How she had fallen off from the first fervor, the early enthusiasm, of self-devotion! To what was that devotion now turned aside? Alas! alas! but, all the same, in external matters the change was all for the better. The more pious of the girls thought her a true Agnes, fit votary of the saint who bears the lamb. They hoped she would keep that gentle name, and be Sister Agnes when she was professed.

Thus Agnes got an altogether fictitious reputation while Oswald carried on his wooing, and summer came, and the long evenings grew more and more akin to dreams. Oswald did what few men of his class would do for love or any thing else—went without his dinner evening after evening. In the hot days the girls had their walk later, and as soon as he found this out, love and the excitement of pursuit and the determination to succeed persuaded him between them to this sublime point of self-sacrifice. After a while he was rewarded. And this was how it came about.

It was June; the summer had expanded until the days were almost at their longest, and as the season had all through been a very warm and bright one, every thing was in its perfection of summer beauty. Oswald had seen the school procession trip in by the door of the House, leaving behind all the lovely glow of a summer sunset. He turned round and walked away toward that brilliant western blaze with a sigh. Twilight was in his face, which the golden light caught aslant and glorified. It was getting on to the wistful moment of the day when the excitement of the sun's departure is over, and Nature, too, sighs in exhaustion and gentle sadness; and it was the wistful moment for the lover, his lady just disappeared out of sight, and the impossibility of following her, speaking to her, getting any point of connection with her, overwhelming his mind. Was this how it was always to be; never to get any further; never to do any thing but wait and gaze and salute her as she passed; was this to be all? Rather, indeed, this for her than any thing with another! But yet the days were long, and it is dreary always to wait.

Then there suddenly appeared against the blaze in the west a black poke-bonnet, the ugliest of its kind. He pricked up his ears and quickened his steps. How he could think it might be she whom he had just seen to disappear at the convent door, I don't understand, but his heart began to beat, and his steps quickened as if by magic. Nothing short, however, of a novel adaptation of the great Indian juggling trick could have brought Agnes there. She was, on the contrary, safe in the House, superintending the girls, who were getting ready for tea, with the sweetest angelic smile upon her face. The girls were hot from their walk, tired and troublesome and noisy, but Agnes bore with them like a saint, did not hear them, indeed, having retired into her private chapel and place of musing. But if it was not Agnes, if, indeed, it was some one as unlike Agnes as could be conceived, Agnes herself could scarcely have been so desirable to meet. It was the old portress of the House, the lay Sister who had several times accompanied her on her expeditions to the hospital. A sudden inspiration came to Oswald. There could be nothing improper in addressing her, a perfectly safe person, to whom his interest in little Emmy could have nothing but the most natural and genuine aspect. He hastened up to her with anxious looks, and asked how the little patient was, and if any news of her had been received at the House.

"Oh, bless you, Sir, yes," said the lay Sister; "she's been very bad, but now she's better. She won't be a long liver, that child. She's very delicate; but come when it will, the little lamb is prepared. She is the piousest child I ever came across."

"Do you mean to say she is dying?" said Oswald, alarmed in spite of himself.

"Oh no, Sir. Some time, I make no doubt, but not now; but she has been that delicate—you could blow her away with a puff of wind. So she has never come back. Indeed, I hear the teacher of the third division, that's Miss Burchell—you've seen her—the one as always went to the hospital—"

"Oh yes, I've seen her."

"Delicate too, Sir. I'm not easy deceived, and I saw in a moment as she was not fit for the work."

"Is she ill?" said Oswald, all tremulous and excited, feeling disposed to rush forthwith to the House without rhyme or reason and carry her off.

"Oh no, Sir; not at all. But Sister Mary Jane—she's the Superior—"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"She thinks that she'd be the better for a change, and so, as she wants to send some more children to the Sanatorium, she's made up her mind to send her, for she'd be a deal the better, she says, of a little sea air herself."

"Ah," said Oswald, "*she* who is going to the Sanatorium is Sister Mary Jane."

"Not at all, Sir; oh no; the one that is going is Miss Burchell. Sister Mary Jane is the Superior, and she thinks it will do her good, and take off her thoughts."

"Ah, I see," said Oswald, gravely. "When does Miss Burchell go? You might ask her from me to remember me to little Emmy. When does she go?"

"To-morrow, Sir. I am sure, Sir, you're very good to think so much about such a little thing as that, but she *is* a dear little thing. I have understood, Sir, that it was you that paid for her going—"

"That is a trifle, Sister—"

"Oh, I am not called Sister," said the portress, blushing with pleasure. "I am not a lady like the rest. I am only in the House to open the door and to do the chars; but if I was the Superior, I could not be more interested for little Emmy. Bless you, Sir, she is the piousest little thing. And thank you, Sir, for your goodness to her; that child's prayers will bring down a blessing on you."

"Amen!" said Oswald, himself feeling much more pious than usual. "I want badly enough—"

"And I'll tell Miss Burchell to give Emmy your love—"

"On second thoughts," said Oswald, astutely, "it will be better not to say any thing about it. The Sister Superior might not like a stranger to send messages."

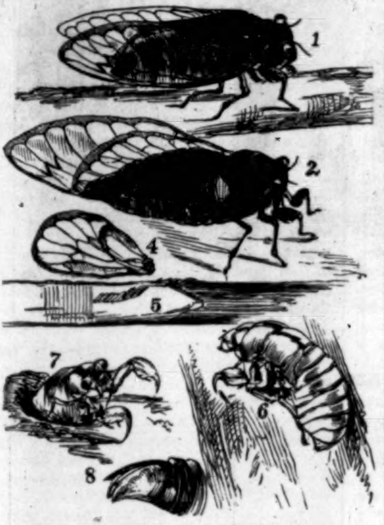
"That is very true," said the lay Sister, perceiving all at once that she too might have come in for a rebuke; and after this she ran on into sundry communications about Sister Catherine, who was newly arrived and not quite up to the work. "For them that know such ladies as Sister Mary Jane and Miss Burchell is naturally particular," said the portress.

"Very naturally," said Oswald, with fervor. He asked her to put a sovereign for him into the poor-box at the chapel door, and then sent her off well pleased, while he turned back in great haste to prepare for his going. Here was his opportunity at last.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

THE harvest-fly, improperly called locust, has recently made its appearance in New Jersey, after an absence of seventeen years. The woods in certain localities are full of them, the ground is strewn with the semi-transparent shells out of which they have crept, and the air, from sunrise till long after sunset, resounds with the shrill, harsh noise produced by the males. The birds and fowls fatten on them, and destroy them by the thousand.



SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

These insects have short antennæ, tipped with a little bristle, veined and transparent wings and wing-covers, and a hard skin. The female possesses a piercer (Fig. 8, natural size) lodged in a groove under the end of the body. The piercer has two lateral plates, toothed like a saw in the lower portion, and between them a borer pointed like a spear. Their eyes are large, convex, and of a brilliant red color. The males (Fig. 2) make a loud rattling sound, by means of a kind of kettle-drum apparatus (Fig. 3) on each side of the base of the abdomen. This is covered by two oval plates, and consists of a cavity containing plaited folds of a transparent, parchment-like membrane. These folds are moved by muscular cords, whose rapid contractions and relaxations produce a sound which can be heard to a considerable distance. The action is assisted by the rapid motion of the under wings (Fig. 4), and the sound is rendered more piercing by resonant cavities within the body. A dry air is essential to the perfection of the drumming.

In the larva state these insects are wingless and subterranean, living on the juices of roots. Fig. 6 shows the shell, out of which the insect has crawled through the slit in the back just behind the head, after emerging from the ground (Fig. 7). On the outer wings of the perfect insect, near the tip, is a dusky zigzag line in the form of the letter W, which by the superstitious is supposed to indicate the approach of war. The expanse of the wings is from two and a half to three and a quarter inches.

The males soon die. They present scarcely a trace of digestive apparatus, and probably do not eat. In the female (Fig. 1) the digestive system is complete, and she must eat to supply the food necessary to develop the five hundred eggs she lays, unless her life is cut short by aerial enemies. In order to deposit her eggs, the female pierces a slender twig to the pith, boring a hole long enough to contain about sixteen eggs, as shown in Fig. 5. The eggs hatch in about six weeks, when the larvæ drop to the ground and immediately bury themselves in the earth, where they remain for a long series of years. As the time of transformation approaches, they gradually advance toward the surface, from a depth of one or two feet. They generally leave the earth on a warm night, and ascend trees in immense numbers. In a short time the skin bursts on the back, and the perfect insect comes forth. It is supposed that not more than two out of the five hundred eggs deposited by the female reach perfection.

R. W. THOMPSON AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

THE *Saturday Review*, in a notice of R. W. THOMPSON'S *Papacy and the Civil Power*, objects that its author does not see that the aim of the papal encyclicals and letters is to affect only the consciences of Roman Catholics. The "papal pretensions," it asserts, "are, after all, merely pretensions to authority over the conscience," and this view of them, it thinks, takes away all their dangerous element; there is no further need of alarm, for the Pope confines himself altogether to his spiritual domain. How such a criticism can have found its way into a periodical that has always held strongly the opposite opinion—and none has more vigorously opposed the "papal pretensions" than the *Saturday Review*—can not be easily discovered. But the real reason that Mr. THOMPSON and most American thinkers have for opposing ultramontanism is that its final appeal is every where to political intrigue or brutal force. In every part of the New World ultramontanism has founded its own political party, and every letter and every appeal of the Pope serves to imbitter the strife of factions, and leads to scenes of civil dissension.

It would be difficult to point out a single state or nation that has not within the past decade suffered real agitation and danger, and sometimes even disastrous revolutions, from the direct or indirect effect of these papal appeals. In Brazil it was Freemasonry against which the Pope chose to aim one of his allocutions, and found his bishops ready to enforce his commands, even at the risk of a popular commotion. The correspondence between the Brazilian ministry and Cardinal ANTONELLI served to show that the papal camera were resolved to carry out their projects against Masonry and Freemasons, whatever might be the consequences. Canada was agitated almost to the brink of insurrection by the GUIBORD case; the priests armed their followers; the people had nearly been thrown into civil war. In Colombia recently a whole province rose in revolt, led by its papal bishop, because the government insisted upon introducing unsectarian schools. The insurrection has been quelled, but only at a great expense of human life. Mexico, less fortunate than Colombia, has seen its liberal government overthrown, and its legally chosen President driven into exile, after repeated insurrections excited by the papal prelates. In May, 1875, they rose in revolt, and were defeated. In 1876 they succeeded in overturning the government, and LERDO fled to New York. And in New York—for the word recalls our own misfortunes—the "solid and unbroken Catholic vote," which has been given for so many years to the corrupt Democracy, under the direct influence of the papal hierarchy, has proved the source of such a series of public thefts, of private immorality, of general political degradation, as no other community has ever witnessed. The former companions of notorious thieves fill many of our civic offices, and judges and lawyers too often unite in compromising with crime.

These instances of the direct effects of the papal and ultramontane interference in the affairs of nations might be enlarged by similar examples from every State of the American Union, almost every city and town. The school question has produced a growing agitation from Boston to San Francisco. The Pope has chosen to condemn unsectarian education; his followers in the United States carry out his injunctions at the ballot-box. His prelates in some instances forbid their people to vote except for those who will promise to destroy the public schools, and as our Democratic politicians are least scrupulous in this matter, the Roman Catholic suffrages are every where at their disposal. They promise to check the progress of knowledge, and the papal prelates make them Governors and Senators in return. Nor, certainly, will the present condition of Europe confirm the notion of the *Saturday Review* that the papal briefs are without any political influence. On the contrary, the Pope appeals to the powers in aid of his temporal authority, and calls upon all Catholic nations to interfere in the affairs of Italy.

Unhappily it is not the consciences of his people that the Roman pontiff would alone control, but he has assumed the part of a political leader, and, surrounded by his ultramontane cohorts, assails every government that refuses to enforce his religious opinions and his boundless authority, and in no country has this foreign and Roman Catholic party proved so dangerous as in ours. Almost every Roman Catholic is a Democrat in name, and has joined in all those unfortunate measures that have made the Democratic party the source of rebellion, disaster, and almost public ruin. Our enormous national debt would probably have never been incurred but for the promise held out by the "Catholic" faction among us to the Carolinian rebels; our city debt of $150,000,000 is a monument of sectarian rapacity.

Such a book, therefore, as Mr. THOMPSON'S has long been needed. Its author sees clearly the dangers of a clerical and ultramontane party. He points out with moderation its errors, and invites every true American to aid in opposing its political designs.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

WE are glad to lay before our readers the following letter from Sir Noël Paton, her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, correcting certain statements respecting the youth of the distinguished artist Millais, copied into *Harper's Weekly* from the Cincinnati *Commercial*. The writer has been an intimate friend of Millais from the boyhood of both:

LONDON, *May* 18, 1877.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In *Harper's Weekly* for May 12 is an extract from the letter of a London correspondent to a Cincinnati paper, professing to give certain facts in the early career of John Everett Millais, R.A. In the eyes of right-thinking persons it would not in any way detract from Mr. Millais's high position were these alleged facts true. The contrary, indeed, would be the case. But the truth is, the warmest admirers of that artist can not justly claim for him the credit of having fought his way to distinction through early poverty and neglect. Whether Mr. Millais was "born a poor boy" it might not be easy to determine, for poverty is a matter of degree; but he was the son of a gentleman, the direct male representative of one of the most ancient families in the Channel Islands, the genealogy of which is duly recorded in the heraldic archives of Jersey. And whether "poor" or not, the boy, like the other members of his family, had gentle nurture as well as gentle blood. The precocity of his artistic powers was remarkable, and the opportunities provided by his parents were exceptionally ample; so that, when I first saw him—quite a small boy, no less noticeable for personal beauty than for amiability and genius—he had already been for several years a student of the Royal Academy, which implies long preliminary training elsewhere. At an age when, unfortunately, most modern painters are only beginning to learn their business, young Millais was an accomplished artist; and while yet in his teens, dividing his days between cricket bat and palette, he had achieved distinction, which from the very first won him *golden* opinions in more senses than one. So that the romantic story of his having worked "under an employer for his board and half a crown-a week" is one that no person having any knowledge of his early life and surroundings would have dreamed of repeating. He himself, should the statements happen to come under his notice, would probably consider them sufficiently refuted by a hearty English laugh; but his friends may be pardoned for receiving such unwarranted statements in a less sportive spirit.

With the London letter-writer's remarks on the more recent works of Mr. Millais I have nothing to do. These works are before the world, and are well able to fight their own battles. But I feel, as will many others of the great artist's friends, that "facts" so absolutely the reverse of correct as those above alluded to should not remain uncontradicted.

While about it, I may as well correct another inaccuracy in the London letter. Mr. Millais was born in 1829, and is, therefore, two years *under*, and not, as therein stated, "a little *over* fifty."

I trust you may be able to find space in your columns for the above, and am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

NOËL PATON.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday,	1.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	8.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	25.—St. James, the Apostle.
Sunday,	29.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

THE meeting of the Reformed (Dutch) Synod, which began Wednesday, June 6, in the Rev. Dr. ORMISTON'S church, on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, has been of more than usual interest. It was known that the appeal of the Rev. Dr. BLAUVELT, of Kingston, would be presented; and as his essay in *Scribner's Monthly* on "Protestant Vaticanism" had been the subject of much comment, the result of the appeal was awaited with interest. The Synod organized by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. RUFUS W. CLARK, of Albany, as president. The appeal of Dr. BLAUVELT was heard on the third day. The point made by him was that he accepted the suspension from the ministry, on the ground of departure from the standards of the Church, but repelled the charge that he had, by his opinions, betrayed the cause of Christ. The discussion turned on the latter charge, the doctor's friends pleading earnestly for its removal from the sentence of suspension. The plea was not, however, favorably received, and Dr. BLAUVELT'S sentence was confirmed. The Board of Domestic Missions has received special legacies during the year amounting to $14,266, and has a balance of $4258. This board reported also an addition to the Church of 1183 members, above all losses. The Foreign Mission Board has three missions—in India, China, and Japan. In India there are 780 converts under its care; in China, 591; and in Japan, 169. This board has a debt of $30,000; an effort to relieve it of this burden resulted in a subscription of $5000 from members of the Synod.

The New York State Sunday-school Teachers' Convention organized in Buffalo, on June 13, by the election of Major R. B. CORWIN, of Brooklyn, as president.

At the State Convention of Rhode Island Universalists there were reported to be in the State 789 families in connection with the churches, 590 members, and $263,000 of church property. The increase for the year was 21 families and 18 members.

A saddening impression is made by the exhibition, in the columns of a daily paper of this city, of the mortgage debts of the churches. The total, as taken from the books of the County Register, is $2,367,886, divided among the denominations as follows: Presbyterian, $706,000; Reformed, $644,000; Protestant Episcopal, $453,000; Roman Catholic, $229,000; Baptist, $212,000; Methodist, $79,000; Lutheran, $44,000. Some of the debts of single churches are very heavy. The Church of the Heavenly Rest carries $137,000; the Memorial Presbyterian, $130,000. These debts have been incurred in the erection of new edifices, and show the costliness of church-building in this city.

A correspondent of the *Examiner and Chronicle* contributes a proposed solution of the problem of helping candidates for the ministry in such manner as not to impair their sense of personal independence. He takes as an example the "North Carolina Baptist Students' Aid Association," which loans money on good security to young men. The borrowers are required to refund all advances after their education is completed. No dividends can be paid to stock-holders, the interest accruing being added to the principal of the fund.

At the twenty-fourth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Iowa, held at Davenport, a memorial to the General Convention was unanimously adopted, asking that the western part of the State be set apart as a missionary jurisdiction, with a view to its being made hereafter a distinct diocese. It was agreed, also, to reserve $20,000 worth of lands held by the Convention, as an episcopal endowment of the new see. The bishop reported 518 confirmations during the year. He also, in his annual address, favored the change of the name of the Church, and expressed the hope that the General Convention would appoint a commission to consider the subject. On the other hand, Bishop STEVENS, in his address to the Pennsylvania Convention, took the opposite side, saying: "Our Church is by name, by constitution, by canons, by its Prayer-Book, by its articles of faith, by its Hymnal, a Protestant Episcopal Church. To take from her that name is to tamper with some of the vital elements of her existence." This proposal is exciting discussion in the Protestant Episcopal body.

At the twenty-second Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British America, whose opening was noticed in this Intelligence last week, there were reported to be 1000 Associations, with 100,000 members, in correspondence with the International Committee. There are owned by these Associations forty-eight buildings, valued at $2,000,000, and other property of the value of $1,000,000. The International Committee expended during the year $16,000; the total expenses of the Associations are estimated to be almost $500,000. The average weekly attendance upon Association Bible classes is 8138; 8300 men have been aided to procure employment; 123 general secretaries and agents are now actively engaged in the service of the Associations. The sum of $20,000 was appropriated for the use of the Executive Committee. This will be expended in the South, the West, and Canada, and among colored young men, railroad men, and Germans. It was decided to hold the next International Convention in Baltimore in 1879, passing over the year 1878.

The gifts to the Pope during the Jubilee are said to amount to $1,300,000.

The twenty-eighth meeting of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church closed recently at Carthage, Illinois. The report of the Publishing Board showed $73,000 of assets, and liabilities amounting only to $16,000. The summary of the statistics of the denomination in this country showed 4623 congregations, 2662 ministers, and 570,473 communicants. There are twelve Lutheran publishing houses in the United States, and sixty-five periodicals issued. The next meeting of the Synod will be held in Worcester, Ohio, June 10, 1879. There are in all four General Lutheran Synods in the United States—one Northern and one Southern, the General Council and the Synodical Conference. The last named meets in Chicago July 18; the General Council, the 10th of October next, in Philadelphia.

The death is announced of the Rev. G. T. PERKS, M.A., one of the ex-presidents of the British Wesleyan Conference. He was taken suddenly with apoplexy on Sunday, May 27, and died the next day. Mr. PERKS had recently visited South Africa in the interest of Wesleyan missions.

The Sunday-school Assembly at Lake Bluff, near Chicago, begins July 2, and continues during the greater part of the month.

In the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, which began May 24, fifty overtures from Synods and Presbyteries in favor of the disestablishment of the State Church were offered. A notice of a motion on the subject was given by Dr. RAINY.

In the Presbyterian General Assembly at Chicago the ever-recurring subject of reduced representation was disposed of in the following way: Two alternative overtures were sent down to the Presbyteries, one proposing synodical representation, pure and simple, the other retaining the present system of presbyterial representation. The latter overture provides that each Presbytery consisting of not more than forty ministers shall send to the General Assembly one minister and one elder; each Presbytery of more than forty and less than eighty ministers shall send two ministers and two elders; each Presbytery of more than eighty and less than 120 ministers shall send three ministers and three elders, in like proportion, for every forty ministers. The report of the Committee of Correspondence, which expressed regret for strong words spoken of the Southern Presbyterians during the war, was rejected by a vote of 237 to 95. So the Northern Assembly refuses to concede more than it did last year for the establishment of fraternal relations with the South. It was stated by one of the secretaries of the Assembly's Foreign Mission Board that 2273 churches made no contributions during the year to foreign missions; the money given came from 2804, or a little more than half of the whole number.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT was in Boston. A low musical sound came up from the closet under the stairs, and the mother listened. It was her little son softly singing to himself, "I need Thee every hour." "How glad I am that I took my boy to hear that sermon on 'Closet Devotions' at the Tabernacle last evening!" said she. Then she could not forbear stepping quietly to the closet door to catch a glance at the "dear child," the "precious lamb"—"bless his heart!" So she did. And she saw him—saw him devoutly engaged in humming that revival hymn, and also running his finger around in the preserve jar. And there the devotions broke up—broke up amid groans of repentance for sin found out.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece: "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and eyes like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

"All that's Bright must fade," mused the famous member for Birmingham, as he noted his silver locks in the looking-glass.

Mrs. Brown tells her husband not to sit in his shirt sleeves, or he will catch cold. How can a man sit in his shirt sleeves?

The following is a literal copy of a label affixed to the cage of some fowls that were exhibited at a poultry show: "1 Pare Coach and Chinas."

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could *take him at a pinch.*"

"Vy," said a cockney in London to an American, "you speak Hinglish as vell as ve do." "Thank heavens," responded the American, "I have not been here long enough to forget how to speak it!"

A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to one similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

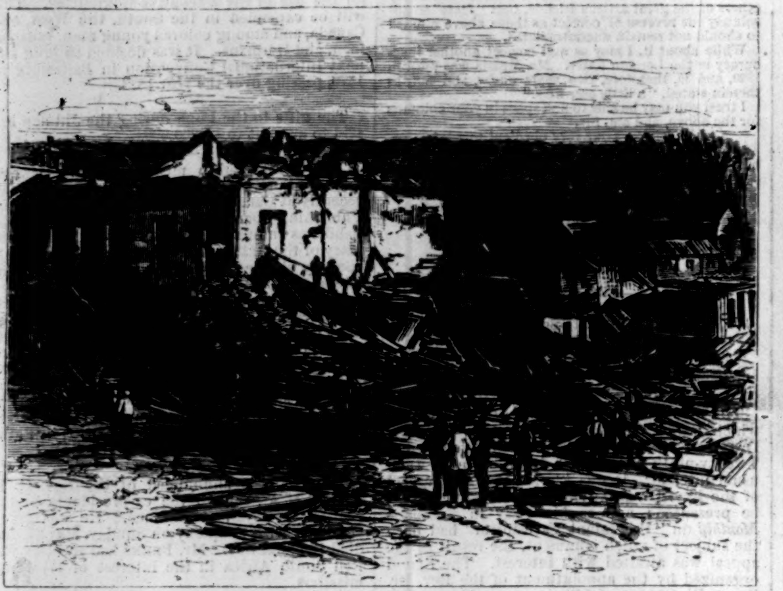
Longfellow looks upon Sunday as "the golden clasp that binds together the volumes of the week;" but to one who never indulges in romantic flights of imagination it is simply an ecstatic season when you can lie abed late in the morning, and have something extra for dinner.

Things have come to a pretty pass when the funny man has to compound this sort of thing: "A thundering good sweetheart is the girl who clings to her Boanerges him to stay."

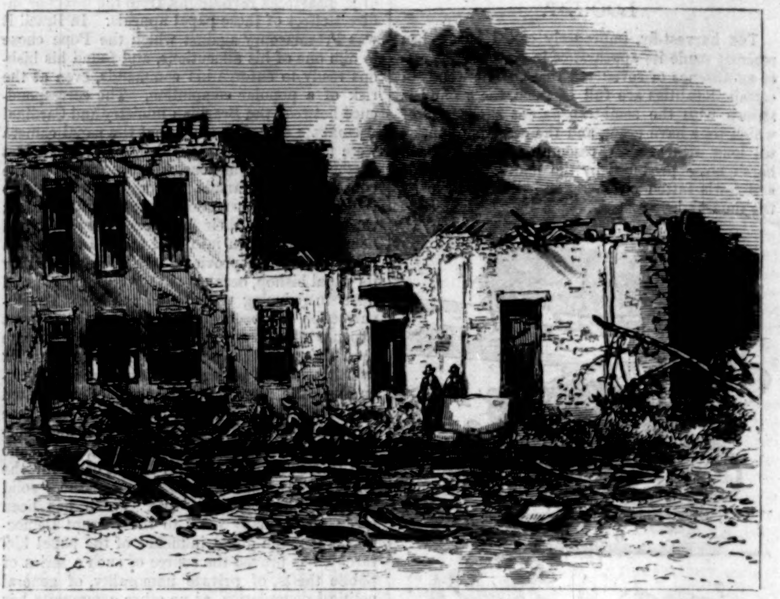
The following epigram was written on a Mr. Wellwood, who was much given to exaggeration:

"You double each story you tell,
You double each sight that you see;
Your name's double u e double l,
Double u double o d."

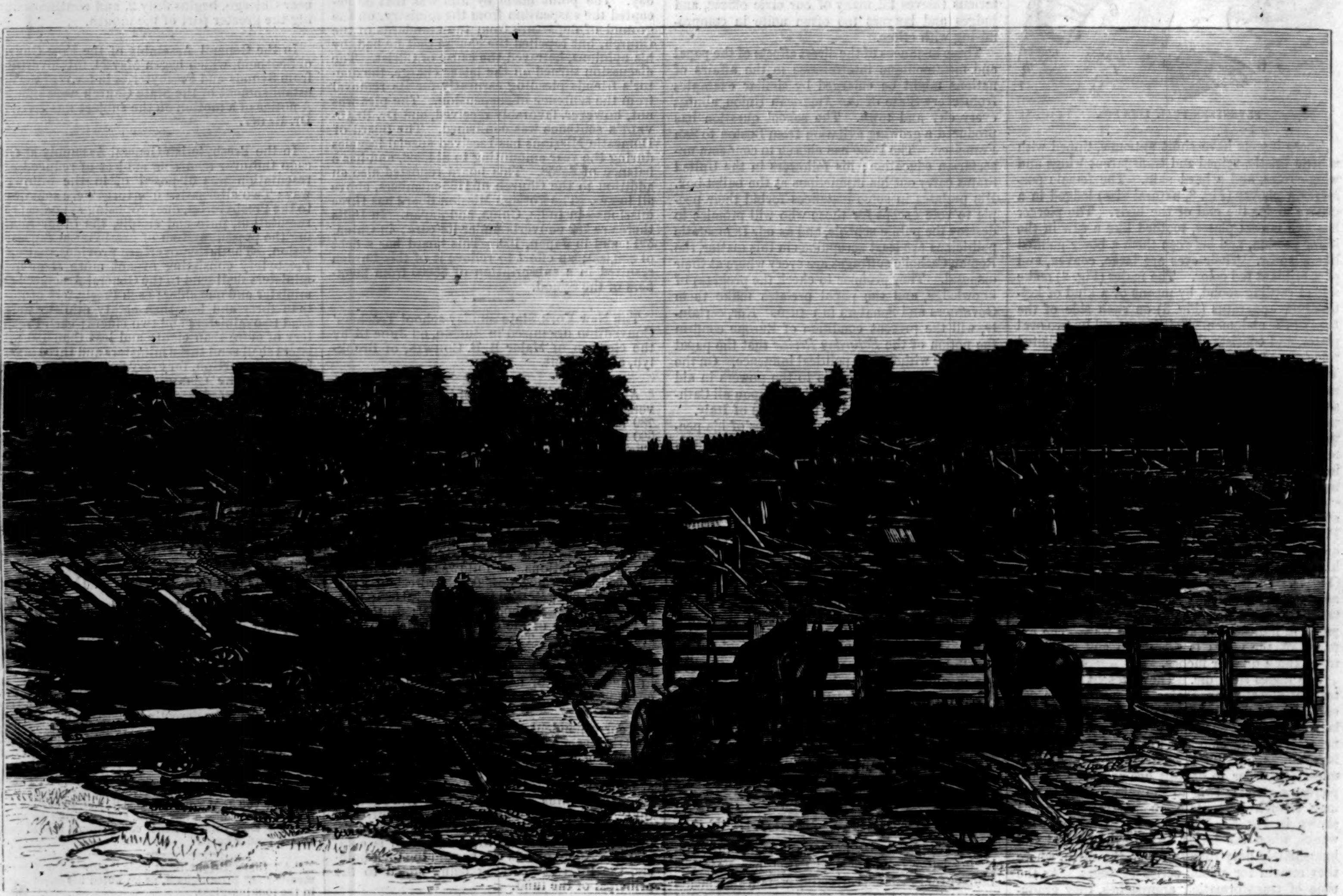
SHARP ENOUGH ALREADY.—A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, Sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."



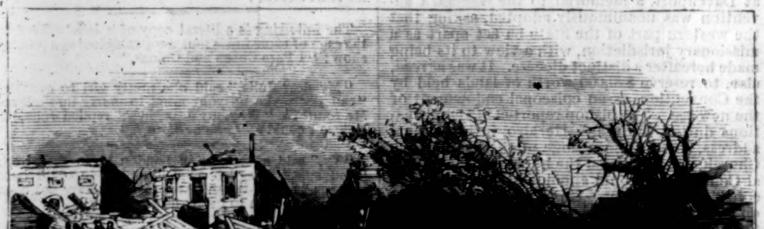
M'DOWELL'S BLOCK.



THE COURT-HOUSE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.



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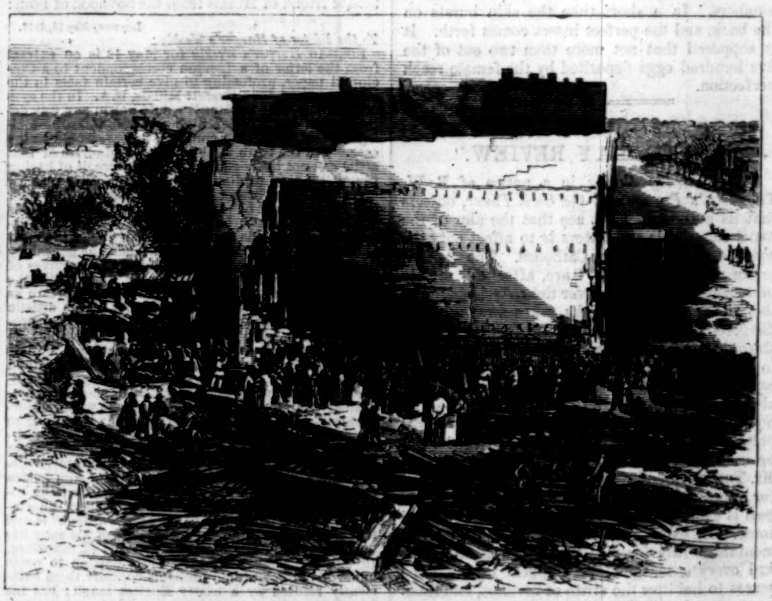
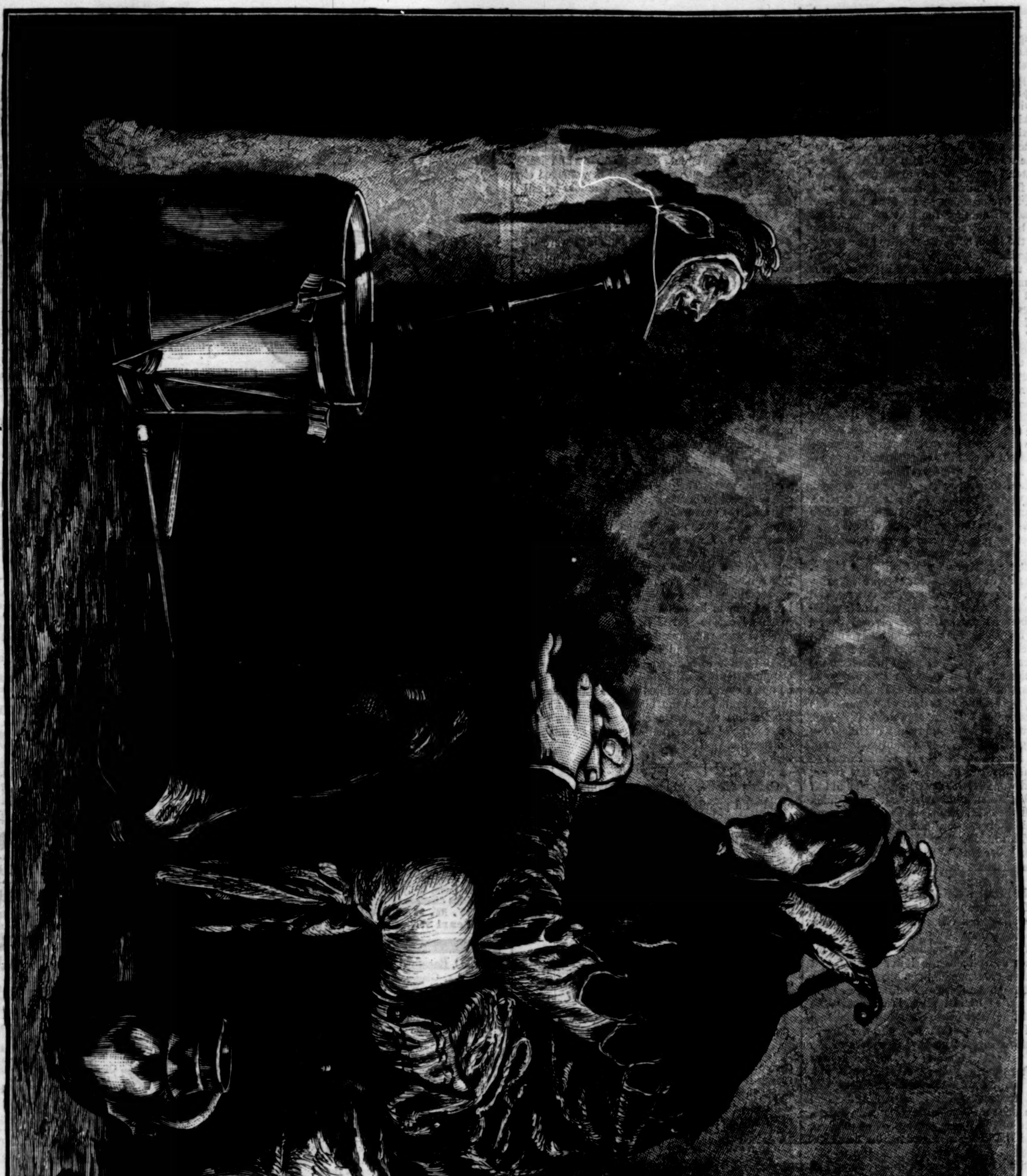


TAKING OUT DEAD BODIES.

DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO—THE DEVASTATION AT MOUNT CARMEL, ILLINOIS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. B. CRAYCROFT.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."—[FROM A PAINTING BY I. D. WATSON.]

"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE original fools, or jesters, such as we see in the above engraving, were persons employed in mediæval families, whose business it was to entertain the household by amusing tricks and humorous sallies. Court-fools do not appear distinctly and officially until after the Crusades, and it is not unlikely that they were introduced into Europe from the East. They were at first either misshapen, half-imbecile dwarfs, who were themselves ridiculous objects, and whose senseless replies were welcomed with laughter, or quick-witted, half-insane creatures, whose acute sense of humor enabled them to utter many brilliant jests suggested by the occasion. At times such positions were held by poor and merry poets, who were glad to accept the place of court-fool on account of the income it represented.

Among the insignia of office were the fool's cap, party-colored, adorned with three asses' ears and a cock's comb, and worn on a shorn head, the variously shaped fool's sceptre or bauble, the bells which decorated the cap as well as other parts of the costume, and a wide collar. In England the fools were at one time distinguished by a calf-skin coat, with buttons down the back, which protected them from the anger of those whom they provoked by their jests. By the illuminators of the thirteenth century they are represented as squalid idiots, wrapped in a blanket, and holding a stick with an inflated bladder attached to it for a sceptre.

One of the most celebrated of court-fools was TRIBOULET, a favorite of the French monarch FRANCIS I., who frequently amused his master by giving him most impertinent counsels. He carried tablets with him, on which he inscribed the names of those courtiers who had been guilty of any particular act of folly. Another remarkable jester was COULON, at the court of LOUIS XVIII., who combined in himself the two characters of physician and fool. When a medical student, COULON was in the habit of keeping a whole hospital ward in roars of laughter by his powers of mimicry. On one occasion when officiating as assistant to the great ALIBERT, and the latter was bandaging the swollen legs of his sovereign, COULON so exquisitely mimicked his master behind his back that the delighted monarch determined to retain the young man near his person. For the amusement of his royal patron, COULON gave daily imitations. If the king asked him whom he had met, the medical jester would at once assume the bearing, voice, and manners of the person he wished to represent. It mattered not what the sex or the rank of the individual might be, or whether the persons mimicked were the king's friends or relations. In any case the monarch was in an ecstasy of hilarity, as he promptly recognized the identity of the person represented. The story is told that one day the Duke of Orleans, being in a generous mood, said to the jester: "Coulon, I happened to see and hear your imitation of me yesterday. It was capital, but not quite perfect. You did not wear, as I do, a diamond pin in your cravat. Allow me to present you with mine; it will make the resemblance more striking." "Ah! your Highness," replied Coulon, fixing the pin in his own cravat, and putting on such a look that the prince might have thought he was standing before a mirror, "as a poor imitator, I ought properly to wear only paste." Coulon's facial imitations were absolutely marvelous. On one occasion he sat for a portrait of Thiers, and on another for that of Molé, both paintings being very successful. His third undertaking of the kind, however, rendered the former feats insignificant. There was no good portrait extant of the deceased minister Villèle. This fact was mentioned with regret in the presence of Coulon by an artist friend. He replied, "Ay, no likeness of him represents the profound subtleness of his character and his evanescent expression." As he said this, a living Villèle seemed to stand before the astonished painter, who then and there, from the features of the facial mimic, sketched the well-known portrait which so faithfully represents the famous statesman of the old Bourbon days.

In England the services of the jesters were occasionally employed for sedative purposes rather than as an excitement to gayety. Strutt records that it was not unusual to engage them as story-tellers to kings and princes who required to be gently talked to sleep. The office has expired, but well-qualified candidates for it still survive. The brilliant fools, however, also rendered at times valuable service to their royal masters in the way of enlightening princely ignorance and stupidity. An old writer says of them: "They spoke so boldly, when there was need for it, that honest and merry men of note, desirous to serve their royal master, borrowed the liberty, as it were, and told valuable truth under the form of an idle joke. When Richard II. was pressed by all classes of his people for reform in a government under which they were sorely oppressed, many of his courtiers advised him to place himself at the head of the army and destroy all who showed themselves thus unreasonable. The king was perplexed, and seemed uncertain what course was the best to pursue. "But," says John Trussell, the historian, "there was present old Sir John Linne, a good soldier, but a shuttle-brain, of whom the king in merriment demanded what he thought the fittest to be done. Sir John swore, 'Blood and wounds! let us charge home and kill every mother's son, and so we shall make quick dispatch of the best friends you have in the kingdom.' This giddy answer," adds Trussell, "more weighed with the king than if it had been spoken in grave or sober sort." The monarch saw the folly of his courtiers' advice, and refused to follow it.

Under the Stuarts the court-fools became personages of considerable dignity and importance. They were allowed serving-men to wait upon them, and sometimes were in receipt of large pensions from the government. In other instances they came from the lower classes, and had no other recommendations than their own wit. Archibald Armstrong, or Archie, as he is commonly called by historians, is a remarkable example of the latter class. He was official fool to James I. and his son Charles. To the former he was also a sort of gentleman groom of the chambers, preceding him when on a journey, and looking after the royal quarters. In this capacity he was made a free citizen of Aberdeen, and held that freedom till his death. Armstrong must have been an especial favorite with James, for in spite of the monarch's hatred of tobacco, he granted the jester a patent for the manufacture of tobacco-pipes. He also gained a considerable addition to his salary in bribes offered him for presenting petitions to the king. The position of Armstrong with his second master, Charles I., is significantly indicated by his demand when appointed to accompany the prince to Spain. He claimed to have the service of an attendant, the same as was awarded to the gentlemen of the royal suite. The impudent claim caused a great tumult among the fine gentlemen in question, and the unlucky jester was compelled to go abroad in much less state than he considered his due.

Much surprise has been expressed that one of the Armstrongs, a border clan of doubtful reputation, should ever have made his way to court, even in so equivocal a position as that of the king's jester. To account for it, however, we have the following story, but are not able to vouch for its authenticity: A shepherd with the carcass of a sheep on his shoulders was tracked by the officers of justice to a cottage in the moorlands, where, however, they found no one but a vacant-looking lad, who sat rocking a cradle, apparently altogether unconscious of their object in intruding upon him. Searching somewhat narrowly, they at length found that instead of a baby, the carcass of the missing sheep occupied the cradle. No longer doubting that the faithful rocker of the cradle was the culprit, they seized and brought him to Jedburg, where King James, then of Scotland, had just arrived to hold one of his *justice aires*. Condemned to die, the ingenious Archie Armstrong, for him it proved to be, pleaded with the king that he was a poor ignorant man, but he had heard of the Bible, and wished to read it through; would his Highness please respite him until this should have been accomplished for his soul's weal? The good-natured monarch granted the prayer, and Archie immediately responded, with a sly look, "Then deil tak me an I ever read a word o't as lang as my een are open." James saw from this answer the natural humor the man possessed, and had him brought to court, where he afterward remained.

A DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.

On page 508 we give a series of illustrations showing the devastation caused on the evening of June 4 by a tornado passing over the town of Mount Carmel, Illinois. Mount Carmel is a thriving town of about 3000 inhabitants, on the Cairo and Vincennes Railroad. The most prominent buildings destroyed were the Court-house, two newspaper offices, three churches (one of them the finest in Southern Illinois), and two school-houses. About twenty business houses and nearly 100 residences were destroyed or damaged either by the storm or by fire. The loss is estimated at from $300,000 to $500,000.

Eye-witnesses of the disaster describe the scene as one of sudden and appalling destruction. In a few seconds of time sixty buildings were destroyed, and the débris of the wreck scattered over miles of country. Shingles and pieces of boards were found the next morning more than thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. A church bell was carried 300 feet through the air. Stories of wonderful escapes are told. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* professes to know of a little boy who "was lifted above the houses and landed unhurt at his house half a mile south. He said he passed over the church steeple as it went the other way." Another account of this adventure says the boy was "rolled along the street like a ball," which is certainly more credible.

The duration of the tornado was less than two minutes. In that short space of time about thirty lives were lost and the best part of the town was destroyed. The day being rainy, many farmers who could not work at home were in town. The County Court was in session also, which took many people to the city. Men, women, and children were blown in some instances a distance of 400 feet as if they were feathers. The tornado came almost without warning. One gentleman told a newspaper correspondent that a sense of oppression, as if the air was loaded with electricity, led him to look out of the window. He put his hand out to feel if it was raining, and the drops of water amounted to little more than mist. He turned away, and immediately there was a crash terrible to hear, which he compared to the clapping together of timbers; and again he looked out, to see the air filled with bricks, shingles, timber, beams, and the blackness of dust. Our illustrations will give a clearer idea than words can convey of the destruction caused by this fearful tornado.

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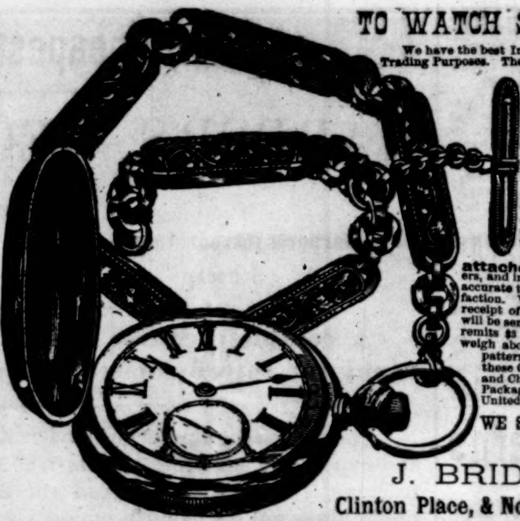

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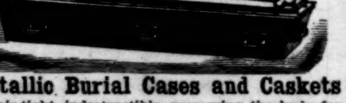

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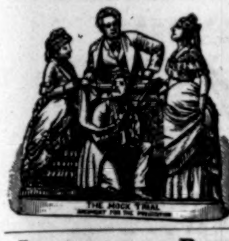

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Vol. IX.

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BLOUSE BASQUE, La Boiteuse Over-skirt and Full-Trained Skirt	" 10
CONTINENTAL BASQUE, Long, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 12
LAFAYETTE SACQUE, Drapery Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 14
LA BOITEUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 22
POLONAISE BUTTONED BEHIND, with Long Walking Skirt	" 22
SCARF MANTLE, Long Apron, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 24
CENTENNIAL WALKING SUIT (Cuirass Basque, Pouf Over-skirt with Chatelaine Pocket, and Long Walking Skirt)	" 30
LOW DRAPED POLONAISE and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 41
GLOVE-FITTING BASQUE, Low Draped Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 43
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PLASTRON PRINCESSE DRESS	" 7
PRINCESSE BASQUE and Tablier Skirt	" 9
AGNES SOREL BASQUE, Long Fan Over-skirt, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 9
PRINCESSE POLONAISE and Walking Skirt	" 11
TRAVELLING CLOAK AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 13
HABIT BASQUE, Over-skirt with Pleated Back, and Long Walking Skirt	" 15
SCARF DOLMAN, Revers Over-skirt, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 15
BRETON COSTUME (Basque, Over-skirt and Walking Skirt)	" 17
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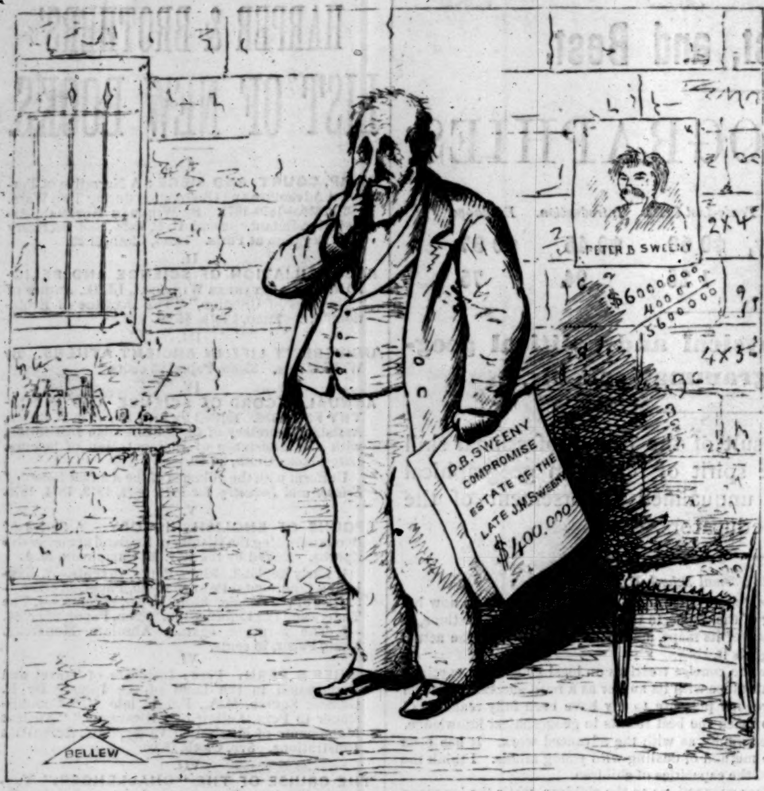
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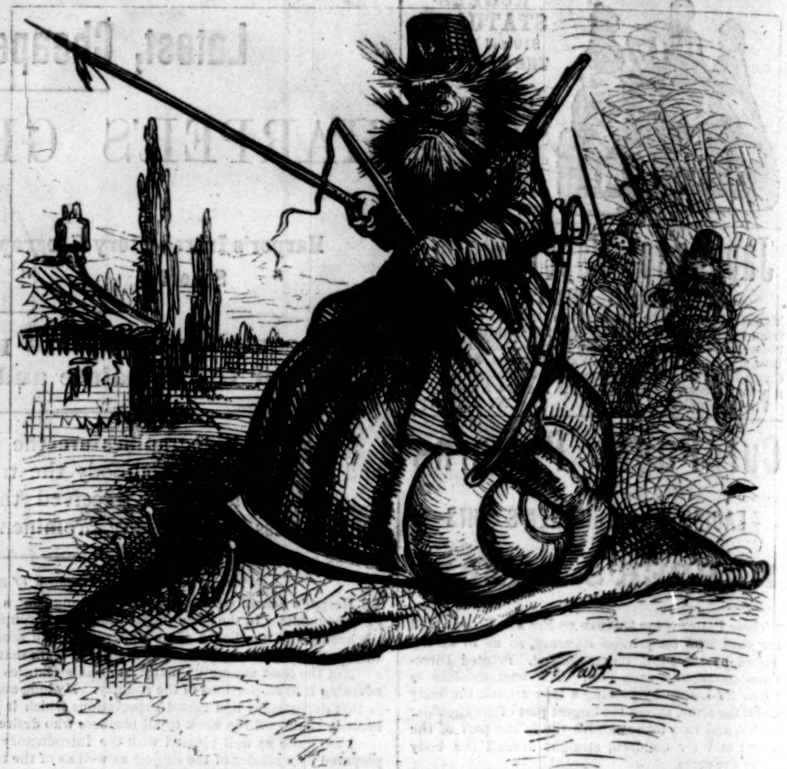

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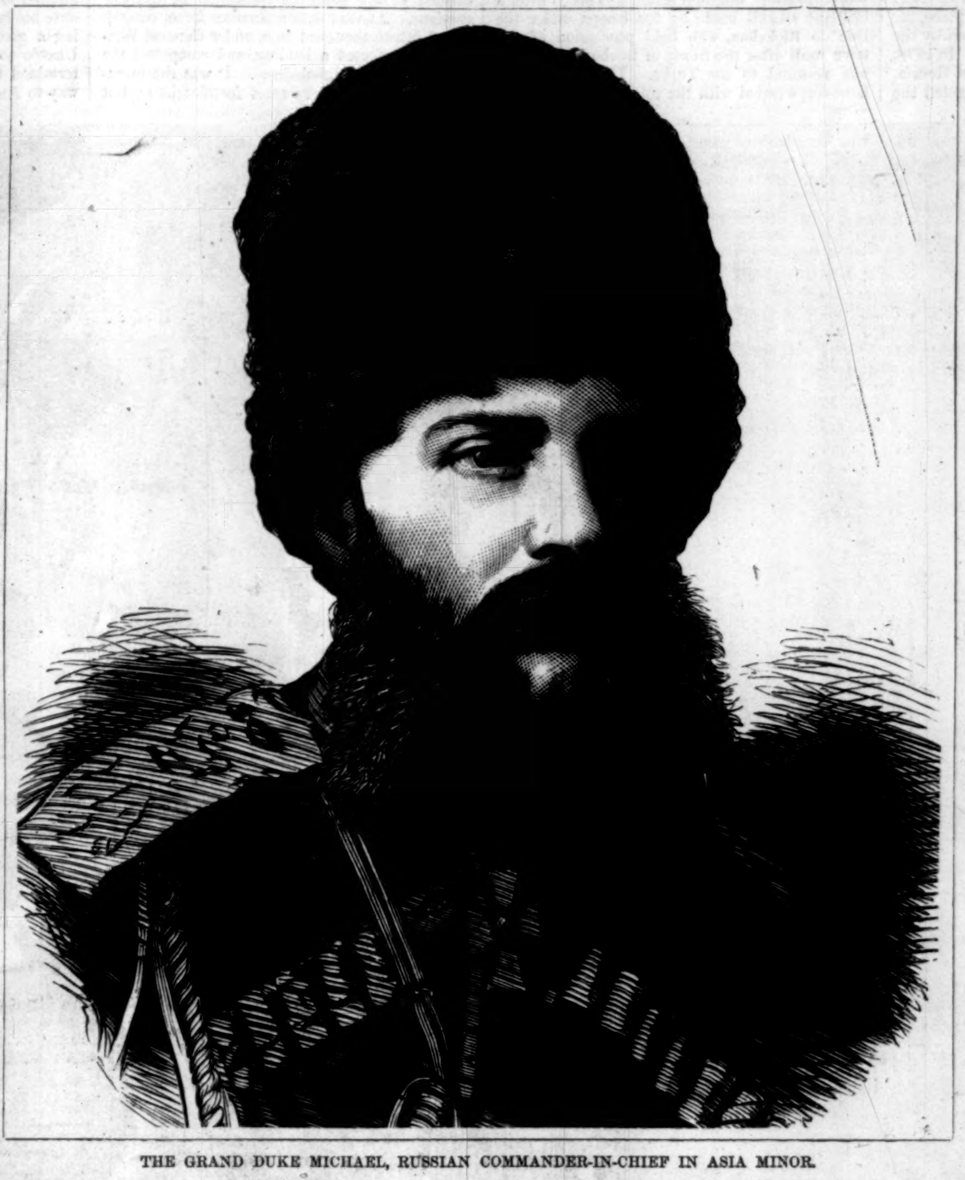
ON THE BLACK SEA AND THE DANUBE.

THE illustrations in our Supplement of this week are devoted to subjects connected with the Turko-Russian war. The first engraving is a portrait of the Grand Duke MICHAEL, brother of the Czar, and commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Asia Minor. In time of peace this officer has his official residence at Tiflis, where he controls the mountain country of the Caucasus, including the ancient province of Georgia, now called Grusia. His dominions include five vilayets, in all of which the scenery is remarkable for its wild and picturesque beauty. The population of the Grand Duke's lieutenancy is set down as about 4,500,000. This is the estimate of the recent German traveller, Baron von Thielmann, and does not differ very much from that of other authorities. At the same time, the baron rates the area of the hill country at 37,000 square miles, probably on the authority of his friend General CHODZKO, Trigonometrical Surveyor of the Caucasus. This estimate differs from that of our recent cyclopedias, which give about 160,000 square miles. Every thing considered, it is very likely that the more recent calculation comes nearest to the truth.



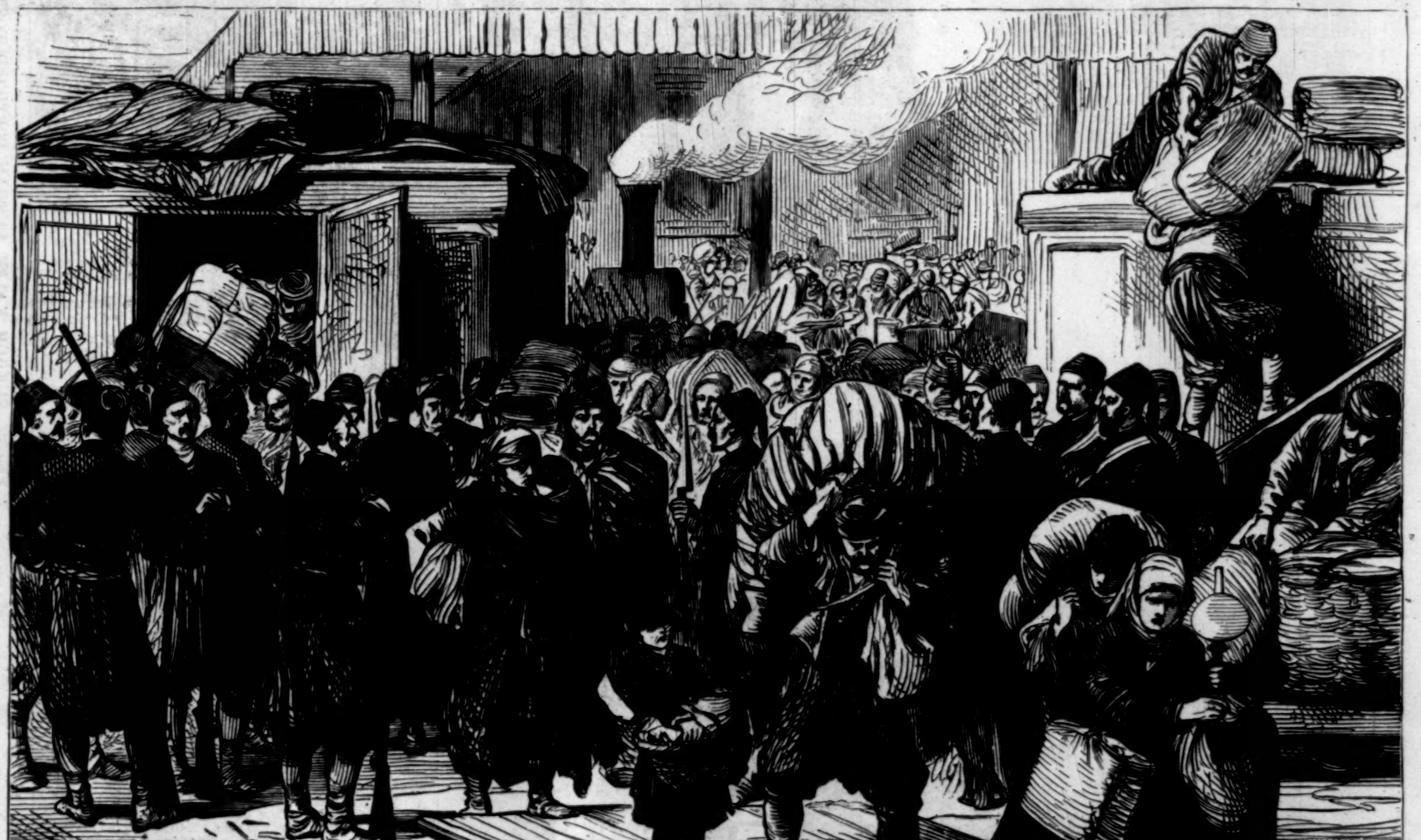
THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, RUSSIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN ASIA MINOR.

Our second engraving on this page gives a view of the railway station at Rustchuk, an important town of the Danubian provinces. This town is situated in Bulgaria, on the southern bank of the Danube, seventy miles to the southwest of Silistria. Its position on a range of hills, together with its white chimneys, mosques, and minarets rising from amid forests of fruit trees, give it a striking and picturesque appearance. It is the most important Turkish manufacturing town on the Danube, and produces large quantities of cloth, linen, leather, silk, and tobacco. The river here is about two miles wide, the banks are low, and the channel is marked with islets and shallows. The town is surrounded by an extended line of fortifications, and contains nine mosques, several Greek and Armenian churches, synagogues, and baths. Rustchuk is a Turkish creation, and till its obstinate defense against the Russians, under Count NICHOLAS KAMENSKI, in 1810, had played no part worth mentioning. In 1812 KUTUSOFF destroyed the fortifications; in 1828 and 1829 the town was not molested, but in 1853 the battles for the island of Mokan took place. The fortress stands on the plateau, which rises abruptly fifty to a hundred feet high from the river, at twenty to eighty paces from it. Inclosed by a wall, and in some places by moats, it appears hardly capable of any great resistance; but it is rendered unapproachable on the west by Lake Mairu, on the Roumanian bank of the Danube, which runs here from southwest to northeast, and also by the river itself and its tributary, the Lom (not to be confounded with the river of that name in West Bulgaria). It can, therefore, only be attacked from the northeast and south, and there well-armed fortifications are in course of construction—pledges of an obstinate resistance hereafter. A strong citadel serves to protect Rustchuk; it commands the whole town, the Danube with its islands, and even the low-lying portions of Giurgevo, on the Roumanian shore.

Our next illustration carries us rapidly back from the Danube to the region of the Caucasus. Sukhum Kaleh is a sea-port town of Asiatic Russia, in the province of Transcaucasia, on the east coast of the Black Sea, which has recently surrendered to the Turks under the leadership of HASSAN PASHA. Being so near the Turko-Russian frontier, it was considered an important point, and careful arrangements had been made for its protection in the way of defenses and accommodations for an extensive garrison. These precautions, however, proved unavailing against the spirited assault made upon its fortifications by the Turks.

Owing to its harbor, Sukhum Kaleh is the station where the larger Russian steamers stop, the service between Poti, which has a bad shallow harbor, and Batum being performed by smaller craft, drawing less water. The great depth of water, excellent anchorage, and security from violent winds, make it one of the best harbors on the Circassian coast. It is completely landlocked, except at one point toward the southeast, which might also be rendered perfectly secure by a mole. To the east of the bay, a range of hills, furrowed by innumerable water-courses, gradually descends from a height of about a thousand feet down to a long line of rocky shore. To the west, the hills are of somewhat less elevation, and in great part covered with wood. In short, so completely is this bay protected on every side, except at the single point already alluded to, that when viewed in a northwesterly direction it has the appearance of a lake.

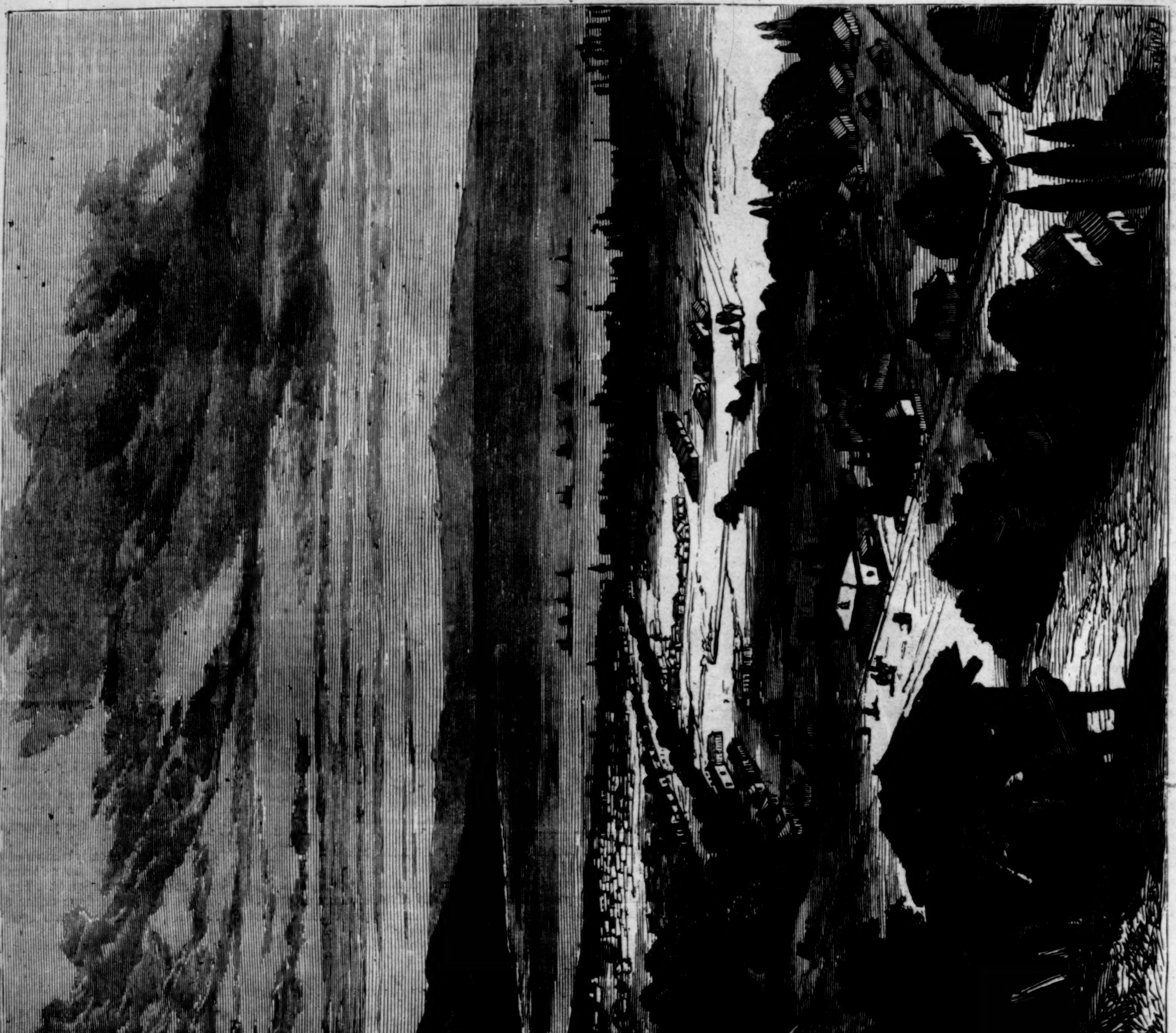
From the early records of the Genoese and Venetians we learn that this port was one of great antiquity. The Genoese had a commercial station here under the name of Porto Suaco, and some writers even pretend



THE INHABITANTS OF RUSTCHUK, BULGARIA, FLEEING WITH THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

that it was the Sindikæ of the ancients. The Turks, those fatal friends to the Circassians, had also at one time a trading post at this place, for which permission had been granted them by the prince of the country, Gherai Koehmit. In 1578, at a time when the Sultan, as suzerain of Gouria, Mingrelia, Abkhasia, and Imeritia, arrogated the right to fortify and occupy two points on the coast, Poti and Sukhum Kaleh were the towns selected. Two centuries later the inhabitants rebelled, and for a time succeeded in freeing themselves from the Turkish yoke. In 1809 the town was attacked by the Russians under General Gondovitch, but the stern resistance of the garrison obliged the invading forces to withdraw. In 1811 they were less fortunate. Sukhum Kaleh was taken after a brilliant assault made by the troops under the Duc de Richelieu, who held possession of the town until after the treaty of Bucharest, when it was restored to the Turks. The Circassians, however, wearied with the total want of martial spirit exhibited in those days by the Turks in their various encounters with the Russians, would not again permit them to hold Sukhum Kaleh. Hoping by this means to escape being further involved in the quarrels between the two powers, they destroyed the forts and the Turkish settlements.

From that time until 1836 Sukhum Kaleh remained in the peaceful possession of the Circassians. At that date a Russian force, consisting of fifteen thousand men, under General Willemineff, effected a landing, and compelled the surrender of the inhabitants. It was the intention of the general to erect fortifications; but before he had time even to build log-houses for his men, or to lay in a stock of winter provisions, the autumnal rains set in, accompanied by such violent storms as entirely scattered the fleet of Admiral Pallinotti, to which he had looked for support. To add to his disasters, the Zemes, a stream that flows into the bay of Sukhum Kaleh—a mere rivulet in summer—suddenly swelled to such an extent as to completely inundate his intrenchments, at the same time destroying a great part of his provisions and powder. Unable to contend with so many evils, he determined to evacuate his quarters and fight his way to Anapa, a town thirty miles to the northwest, having to choose between this course or watch his men perish with hunger and disease. After gallantly fighting his passage through every obstacle, amid a country consisting of a succession of deep glens and formidable defiles, where every tree and jutting crag formed an ambush for the Circassian guerrillas, he was met with-



SUKHUM KALEH, RUSSIAN FORTIFIED PORT ON THE BLACK SEA, LATELY CAPTURED BY THE TURKS.

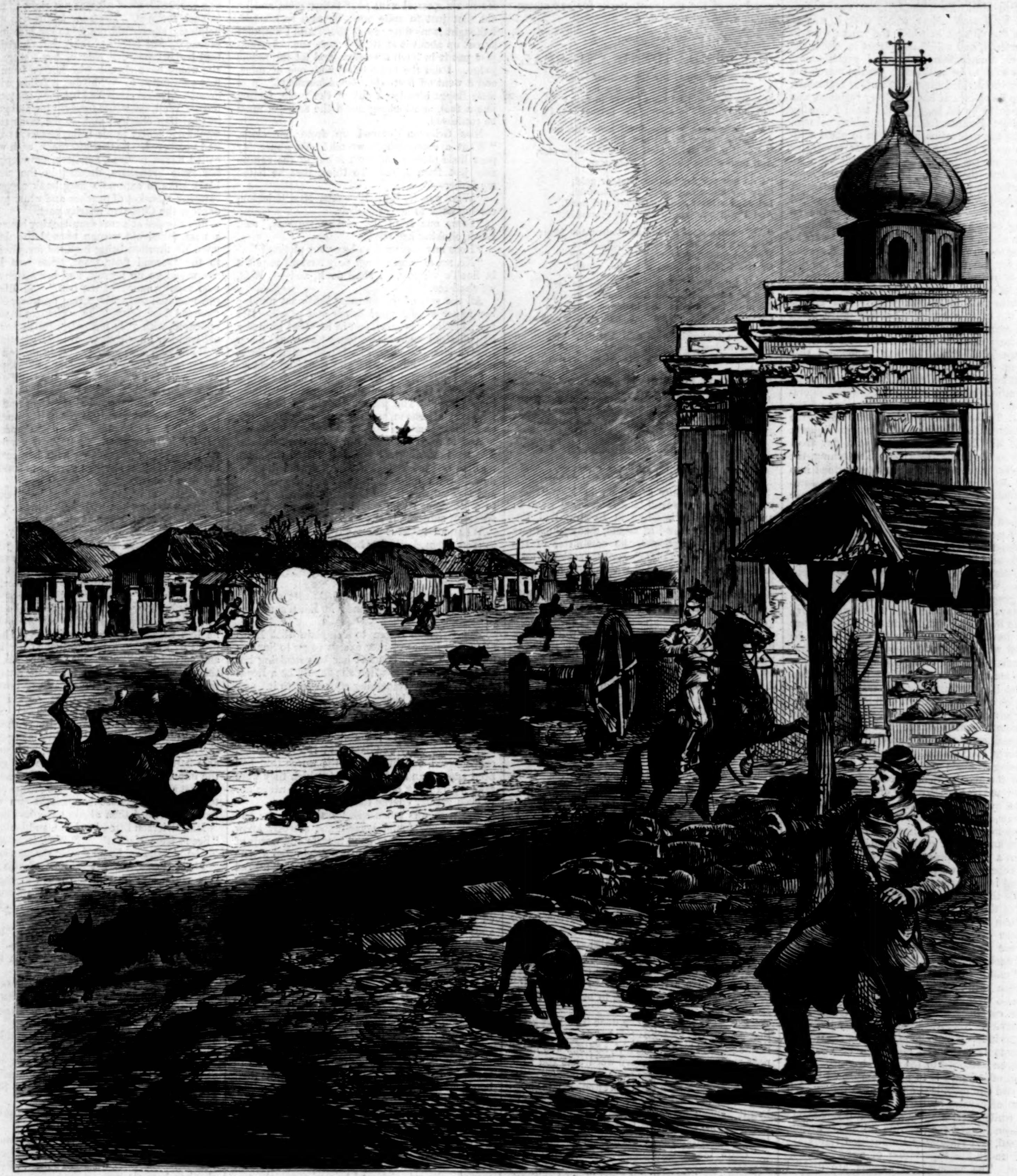
in a few miles of Anapa by the united tribes of the Circassians, the Kapsouki, Demirgoi, and Nottakhaitzi, when a dreadful conflict took place. Had it not been for the timely arrival of a few Tchernemorsky Cossacks, together with the soldiers of the Russian garrison at Anapa, the entire army would probably have been cut off, the unhappy soldiers being completely worn out by hunger and fatigue. Even as it was, out of the gallant army that only a few months before numbered fifteen thousand men, scarcely one-half escaped the devouring swords of the mountaineers, and the not less fatal fevers that always follow in the wake of a Russian army in the Caucasus. General Willemineff succeeded, however, during his short campaign on the coast of Circassia, in erecting two forts that guard the passes leading from Sukhum Kaleh to Anapa on the one side, and Ghelendjik on the other; but, like his predecessors, he altogether failed in subduing the wild mountain tribes. At length, wearied with repeated reverses, and seeing his troops year by year cut to pieces by their furious antagonists, the gallant soldier retired, and soon after died. In 1855 Sukhum Kaleh again figured as the landing-place of the army of Omar Pasha designed for the relief of Kars, then held by the Turks, under the command of General Sir W. Fenwick Williams, with Colonel Lake and Major Teesdale, against the besieging Russian force of General Mouravieff.

The view which we give of Sukhum Kaleh is from a sketch by Mr. W. Simpson. The town itself is very straggling, its buildings are mostly of wood, with verandas. There are a few villas of stone in the rear. Vegetation is most luxurious, and the botanic garden a sort of Eden, with its orange, lemon, and box trees flourishing in the open air. During the summer the district is not healthy, though it has of late years been much improved by clearing the woods. In the winter the climate is mild and salubrious. The insignificant population of the town of Sukhum Kaleh is chiefly Armenian and Greek. The former are traders and shop-keepers; the latter, boatmen and fishermen. Most of the officials are Russians; but the natives proper—the Abkhasians—are seen from time to time only when they bring cattle, hides, and timber, which they barter for cotton stuffs, tobacco, and gunpowder. The Abkhasians, a branch of the Circassians, number 60,000 or 70,000. They were at one time noted pirates in the Euxine, and are now, after the Swanny, certainly the wildest and most unmanageable mountaineers in the Caucasus, being lawless and greatly addicted to thieving and highway robbery.

But Circassia and the adjoining region of the Caucasus, which, together with Georgia or Grusia, is now called Southern Russia, is rapidly yielding to the change which every thing wild must undergo when it comes in contact with the current order of civilization. Among the most effective agencies of change are the great high-roads built by the Russians, the most important being that which runs from Rostow, on the Sea of Azov, southeastwardly across the Kouban River and its steppes, into the main ridge at Vladikawkas, and through one of the most magnificent gorges in the world—the pass of Dariel—resembling our own grand cañon, the Yosemite, in many of its features, and bearing a name which is found in the beautiful Irish gorge of Wicklow (the "Dargle") and in the Alpine passes of the "Tyrol." This great road leads to Tiflis, the capital of Grusia. Another road runs from the swampy little frontier bay of Poti, on the Black Sea, to the same capital. Another is carried from Tiflis to Baku, and another goes to the Persian frontier. A number of lesser roads are connected with these, running in every direction. Since 1873 a railway has been laid down between Poti and the capital, and another is in progress along the main line of the Kouban and Vladikawkas, leading from Azov to Grusia, through the centre of the ridge. These material changes will soon change the character of that interesting part of the world. The Czar means to connect the Caspian and the Sea of Azov by a canal, which would pass north of the hill country, and probably cost $100,000,000. The taking of Khiva in 1873 put the entire eastern coast of the Caspian under his government, and that sea is now as much a Russian lake as Ladoga. Its old legendary and somewhat sleepy renown has given place to the activity of the 800 vessels of all sizes that at present furrow its area of 156,000 square miles, and carry on the intercourse and traffic of Russians, Persians, Tartars, and Caucasians. For the "two dark clouds" rattling together "over the Caspian" in Milton's time, may now be found a couple of steamers carrying goods and passengers.

Within this whole district the changes of custom and civil polity are keeping pace with the material changes already mentioned. Immigrants from all parts of Europe are invited to settle in the wild and fertile regions of the Caucasus; but the German colonists greatly outnumber all others. They are found every where, working the mines, tilling modern farms, running mills and factories, and keeping hotels. There are also French settlers, who prefer the towns and the lighter and more artistic occupations. There are Englishmen also in the Caucasus, mainly connected with steam-engines and machinery. Every where the old order of things in the Oberland is undergoing change, and the habits and industries of the inhabitants are tending to do away with the military romance of the native tribes. The society of men and women will by degrees become less picturesque and pastoral. But it will at the same time be much more comfortable. The Caucasus, which was recently on the edge of the world, as it were, will find itself a centre of trade and intercourse, when its two seas shall be connected with St. Petersburg at one side, and at the other with the Sea of Aral, the Oxus, and the Amoor.

In the last of our four illustrations we return once more to the Danube. Here we get a view of a small portion of the Roumanian village of Reni and the startling effect produced upon the inhabitants, both men and animals, by the bombardment from one of the Turkish gun-boats on the 4th ult. Roumania is a province formed by the union of ancient Moldavia and Wallachia,



BOMBARDMENT OF RENI, ON THE DANUBE, BY A TURKISH GUN-BOAT.